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Half out of the World.
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THE MONTH.

OCTOBER 1864.

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Constance Sherwood.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER V.

Not many days after the sheriff and the pursuivants had been at our house, and Mr. Bryan, by reason of the bloody laws which had been enacted against Papists and such as harbour priests, had left us, though intending to return at such times as might serve our commodity, and yet not affect our safety,—I was one morning assisting my mother in the store-room, wherein she was setting aside such provisions as were to be distributed to the poor that week, together with salves, medicines, and the like, which she also gave out of charity, when a spasm came over her, so vehement and painful, that for the moment she lost the use of speech, and made signs to me to call for help. I ran affrighted into the library for my father, and brought him to her, upon which, in a little time, she did somewhat recover, but desired he would assist her to her own chamber, whither she went leaning on his arm. When laid on her bed she seemed easier; and smiling, bade me leave them for a while, for that she desired to have speech with my father alone.

For the space of an hour I walked in the garden, with so oppressive a grief at my heart as I had never before experienced. Methinks the great stillness in the air added thereunto some sort of physical disorder; for the weather was very close and heavy; and if a leaf did but stir, I started as if danger was at hand; and the noise of the chattering pies over my head worked in me an apprehensive melancholy foreboding, I doubt not, what was to follow. At about eleven o'clock, hearing the sound of a horse's feet in the avenue, I turned round, and saw Edmund riding from the house; upon which I ran across the grass to a turning of the road where he would pass, and called to him to stop, which he did; and told me he was going to Lichfield for his father, whom my mother desired presently to see. "Then thou shouldst not tarry," I said; and he pushed on and left me standing where I was; but the bell then ringing for dinner, I went back to the house, and in so doing, took notice of a bay-tree on the lawn which was withered and dried-up, though the gardener had been at pains to preserve it by sundry appliances and frequent watering of it. Then it came to my remembrance what my nurse used to say that the dying of that sort of tree is a sure omen of a death

in a family; which thought sorely disturbed me at that time. I sat down with my father to a brief and silent meal; and soon after the physician he had sent for came, whom he conducted to my mother's chamber, whereunto I did follow, and slipped in unperceived. Sitting on one side of the bed, behind the curtains, I heard her say, in a voice which sounded hollow and weak, "Good Master Lawrenson, my dear husband was fain to send for you, and I cared not to withstand him, albeit persuaded that I am hastening to my journey's end, and that naught that you or any other man may prescribe may stay what is God's will. And if this be visible to you as it is to me, I pray you keep it not from me, for it will be to my much comfort to be assured of it."

When she had done speaking, he did feel her pulse; and the while my heart beat so quick and, as it seemed to me, so loud as if it must needs impede my hearing; but in a moment I heard him say: "God defend, good madam, I should deceive you. While there is life there is hope. Greater comfort I dare not urge. If there be any temporal matter on your mind, 'twere better settled now, and likewise of your soul's health, by such pious exercises as are used by those of your way of thinking."

At the hearing of these his words, my father fetched a deep sigh; but she, as one greatly relieved, clasped her hands together, and cried, "My God, I thank Thee!"

Then, stealing from behind the curtain, I laid my head on the pillow nigh unto hers, and whispered, "Sweet mother, prithee do not die, or else take me with thee."

But she, as one not heeding, exclaimed, with her hands uplifted, "O faithless heart! O selfish heart! to be so glad of death!"

The physician was directing the maids what they should do for her relief when the pain came on, and he himself stood compounding some medicine for her to take. My father asked of him when he next would come; and he answered, "On the morrow;" but methinks 'twas even then his belief that there would be no morrow for her who was dying before her time, like the bay-tree in our garden. She bade him farewell in a kindly fashion; and when we were alone, I lying on the bed by her side, and my father sitting at its head, she said, in a low voice, "How wonderful be God's dealings with us, and how fatherly His care; in that He takes the weak unto Himself, and leaves behind the strong to fight the battle now at hand! My dear master, I had a dream yesternight which had somewhat of horror in it, but more methinks of comfort." My father breaking out then in sighs and tears as if his heart would break, she said, "Oh, but thou must hear and acknowledge, my loved master, how gracious is God's

providence to thy poor wife. When thou knowest what I have suffered—not in body, though that has been sharp too, but in my soul—it will reconcile thine own to a parting which has in it so much of mercy. Thou dost remember the night when Mr. Mush was here, and what his discourse did run on?"

"Surely do I, sweet wife," he answered; "for it was such as the mind doth not easily lose the memory of; the sufferings and glorious end of the blessed martyr Mrs. Clitherow. I perceived what sorrowful heed thou didst lend to his recital; but has it painfully dwelt in thy mind since?"

"By day and by night it hath not left me; ever recurring to my thoughts, ever haunting my dreams, and working in me a fearful apprehension lest in a like trial I should be found wanting, and prove a traitor to God and His Church, and a disgrace and heartbreak to thee who hast so truly loved me far beyond my deserts. I have bragged of the dangers of the times, even as cowards are wont to speak loud in the dark to still by the sound of their own voices the terrors they do feel. I have had before my eyes the picture of that cruel death, and of the children extremely used for answering as their mother had taught them, till cold drops of sweat have stood on my brow, and I have knelt in my chamber wringing my hands and praying to be spared a like trial. And then, may be an hour later, sitting at the table, I spake merrily of the gallows, mocking my own fears, as when Mr. Bryan was last here; and I said that priests should be more welcome to me than ever they were, now that virtue and the Catholic cause was made felony; and the same would be in God's sight more meritorious than ever before: upon which, 'Then you must prepare your neck for the rope,' quoth he, in a pleasant but withal serious manner; at the which a cold chill overcame me, and I very wellnigh fainted, though constraining my tongue to say, 'God's will be done; but I am far unworthy of so great an honour.' The cowardly heart belied the confident tongue, and fear of my own weakness affrighted me, by the which I must needs have offended God, who helps such as trust in Him. But I hope to be forgiven, inasmuch as it has ever been the wont of my poor thoughts to picture evils beforehand in such a form as to scare the soul, which, when it came to meet with them, was not shaken from its constancy. When Conny was an infant I have stood nigh unto a window with her in my arms, and of a sudden a terror would seize me lest I should let her fall out of my hands, which yet clasped her; and methinks 'twas somewhat of a like feeling which worked in me touching the denying of my faith, which, God is my witness, is dearer to me than aught upon earth."

"'Tis even so, sweet wife," quoth my father; "the edge of a too keen conscience and a sensitive apprehension of defects visible to thine own eyes and God's—never to mine, who was ever made happy by thy love and virtue—have worn out the frame which enclosed them, and will rob me of the dearest comfort of my life, if I must lose thee."

She looked upon him with so much sweetness as if the approach of death had brought her greater peace and joy than life had ever done, and she replied: "Death comes to me as a compassionate angel, and I fain would have thee welcome with me the kindly messenger who brings so great relief to the poor heart thou hast so long cherished. Now, thou art called to another task; and when the bruised broken reed is removed from thy side, thou wilt follow the summons which even now sounds in thine ears."

"Ah," cried my father, clasping her hand, "art thou then already a saint, sweet wife, that thou hast read the vow solely registered as yet in the depths of a riven heart?" Then his eyes turned on me; and she, who seemed to know his thoughts, that sweet soul who had been so silent in life, but was now spending her last breath in never-to-be-forgotten words, answered the question contained in that glance as if it had been framed in a set speech.

"Fear not for her," she said, laying her cheek close unto mine. "As her days, so shall her strength be. Methinks Almighty God has given her a spirit meet for the age in which her lot is cast. The early training thou hast had, my wench; the lack of such memories as make the present twofold bitter; the familiar mention round thy cradle of such trials as do beset Catholics in these days, have nurtured in thee a stoutness of heart which will stand thee in good stead amidst the rough waves of this troublesome world. The iron will not enter into thy soul as it hath done into mine." Upon which she fell back exhausted; and for a while no sound was heard in or about the house save the barking of our great dog.

My father had sent a messenger to a house where we had had notice some days before Father Ford was staying, but with no certain knowledge he was still there, or any other priest in the neighbourhood, which occasioned him no small disquietude, for my mother's strength seemed to be visibly sinking, which was what the doctor's words had led him to expect. The man he had sent returned not till the evening; but in the afternoon Mr. Genings and his son came from Lichfield, which, when my mother heard, she said God was gracious to permit her once more to see John, which was Mr. Genings' name. They had been reared in the same house; and a kindness had always continued betwixt them. For some time past

he had conformed to the times; and since his marriage with the daughter of a French Huguenot who lived in London, and who was a lady of very commendable character and manners, and strenuous in her own way of thinking, he had left off practising his own religion in secret, which for a while he used to do. When he came in, and saw death plainly writ in his cousin's face, he was greatly moved, and knelt down by her side with a very sorrowful countenance; upon which she straightly looked at him, and said: "Cousin John, my breath is very short, as my time is also like to be. But one word I would fain say to thee before I die. I was always well pleased with my religion, which was once thine and that of all Christian people one hundred years ago; but I have never been so well pleased with it as now, when I be about to meet my Judge."

Mr. Genings' features worked with a strange passion, in which was more of grief than displeasure, and grasping his son's shoulder, who was likewise kneeling and weeping, he said: "You have wrought with this boy, cousin, to make him Catholic."

"As Heaven is my witness," she answered, "not otherwise but by my prayers."

"Hast thou seen a priest, cousin Constance?" he then asked: upon which my mother not answering, the poor man burst into tears, and cried: "Oh, cousin—cousin Constance, dost count me a spy, and at thy deathbed?"

He seemed cut to the heart; whereupon she gave him her hand, and said she hoped God would send her such ghostly assistance as she stood in need of; and praying God to bless him and his wife and children, and make them his faithful servants, so she might meet them all in perpetual happiness, she spoke with such good cheer, and then bade him and Edmund farewell with so pleasant a smile, as deceived them into thinking her end not so near. And so, after a while, they took their leave; upon which she composed herself for a while in silence, occupying her thoughts in prayer; and towards evening, through God's mercy, albeit the messenger had returned with the heavy news that Father Ford had left the county some days back, it happened that Mr. Watson, a secular priest who had lately arrived in England, and was on his way to Chester, stopped at our house, whereunto Mr. Orton, whom he had seen in prison at London, had directed him for his own convenience on the road, and likewise our commodity, albeit little thinking how great our need would be at that time of so opportune a guest, through whose means that dear departing soul had the benefit of the last Sacraments with none to trouble or molest her, and such ghostly aid as served to smooth her passage to what has proved, I doubt not, the beginning of a happy

eternity, if we may judge by such tokens as the fervent acts of contrition she made both before and after shrift, such as might have served to wash away ten thousand sins through His Blood who cleansed her, and her great and peaceable joy at receiving Him into her heart whom she soon trusted to behold. Her last words were expressions of wonder and gratitude at God's singular mercy shown unto her in the quiet manner of her death in the midst of such troublesome times. And methinks, when the silver cord was loosed, and naught was left of her on earth save the fair corpse which retained in death the semblance it had had in life, that together with the natural grief which found vent in tears, there remained in the hearts of such as loved her a comfortable sense of the Divine goodness manifested in this her peaceable removal.

How great the change which that day wrought in me may be judged of by such who, at the age I had then reached to, have met with a like affliction, coupled with a sense of duties to be fulfilled, such as then fell to my lot both as touching household cares, and in respect to the cheering of my father in his solitary hours during the time we did yet continue at Sherwood Hall, which was about a year. It waxed very hard then for priests to make their way to the houses of Catholics, as many now found it to their interest to inform against them and such as harboured them; and mostly in our neighbourhood wherein there were at that time no recusants of so great rank and note that the sheriff would not be lief to meddle with them. We had oftentimes had secret advices to beware of such and such of our servants who might betray our hidden conveyances of safety; and my father scarcely durst be sharp with them when they offended by slacking their duties, lest they might bring us into danger if they revealed, upon any displeasure, priests having abided with us. Edmund we saw no more since my mother's death; and after a while the news did reach us that Mr. Genings had died of the small-pox, and left his wife in so distressed a condition, against all expectation, owing to debts he had incurred, that she had been constrained to sell her house and furniture, and was living in a small lodging near unto the school where Edmund continued his studies.

I noticed, as time went by, how heavily it weighed on my father's heart to see so many Catholics die without the Sacraments, or fall away from their faith, for lack of priests to instruct them, like so many sheep without a shepherd; and I guessed by words he let fall on divers occasions, that the intent obscurely shadowed forth in his discourse to my mother on her deathbed was ripening to a settled purpose, and tending to a change in his state of life, which only his love and care for me caused him to defer. What I did apprehend

must one day needs occur, was hastened about this time by a warning he did receive that on an approaching day he would be apprehended and carried by the sheriff before the council at Lichfield to be examined touching recusancy and harbouring of priests; which was what he had long expected. This message was, as it were, the signal he had been waiting for, and an indication of God's will in his regard. He made instant provision for the placing of his estate in the hands of a friend of such singular honesty and so faithful a friendship towards himself, though a Protestant, that he could wholly trust him. And next he set himself to dispose of her whom he did term his most dear earthly treasure, and his sole tie to this perishable world, which he resolved to do by straightway sending her to London, unto his sister Mistress Congleton, who had oftentimes offered, since his wife's death, to take charge of this daughter, and to whom he now despatched a messenger with a letter, wherein he wrote that the times were now so troublesome, he must needs leave his home, and take advantage of the sisterly favour she had willed to show him in the care of his sole child, whom he now would forthwith send to London, commending her to her good keeping, touching her safety and religious and virtuous training, and that he should be more beholden to her than ever brother was to sister, and as long as he lived, as he was bound to do, pray for her and her good husband. When this letter was gone, and order had been taken for my journey, which was to be on horseback, and in the charge of a maiden gentlewoman who had been staying some months in our neighbourhood, and was now about in two days to travel to London, it seemed to me as if that which I had long expected and pictured unto myself had now come upon me of a sudden, and in such wise as for the first time to taste its bitterness. For I saw, without a doubt, that this parting was but the forerunner of a change in my father's condition as great and weighty as could well be thought of. But of this, howbeit our thoughts were full of it, no talk was ministered between us. He said I should hear from him in London; and that he should now travel into Lancashire and Cheshire, changing his name, and often shifting his quarters whilst the present danger lasted. The day which was to be the last to see us in the house wherein himself and his fathers for many centuries back, and I his unworthy child, had been born, was spent in such fashion as becometh those who suffer for conscience-sake, and that is with so much sorrow as must needs be felt by a loving father and a dutiful child in a first and doubtful parting, with so much regret as is natural in the abandonment of a peaceful earthly home, wherein God had been served in a Catholic manner for many generations and up to that time without discontinuance, only of late

years as it were by night and stealth, which was linked in their memories with sundry innocent joys and pleasures, and such griefs as do hallow and endear the visible scenes wherewith they be connected, but withal with a stoutness of heart in him, and a youthful steadiness in her whom he had infected with a like courage unto his own, which wrought in them so as to be of good cheer and shed no more tears on so moving an occasion than the debility of her nature and the tenderness of his paternal care extorted from their eyes when he placed her on her horse, and the bridle in the hand of the servant who was to accompany her to London. Their last parting was a brief one, and such as I care not to be minute in describing; for thinking upon it even now 'tis like to make me weep; which I would not do whilst writing this history, in the recital of which there should be more of constancy and thankful rejoicing in God's great mercies, than of womanish softness in looking back to past trials. So I will even break off at this point; and in the next chapter relate the course of the journey which was begun on that day.

CHAPTER VI.

I WAS to travel, as had been ordered for our mutual convenience and protection, with Mistress Ward, a gentlewoman who resided some months in our vicinity, and had heard Mass in our chapel on such rare occasions as of late had occurred, when a priest was at our house, and we had commodity to give notice thereof to such as were Catholic in the adjacent villages. We had with us on the journey two serving-men and a waiting-woman, who had been my mother's chambermaid; and so accompanied, we set out on our way, singing as we went, for greater safety, the litanies of our Lady; to whom we did commend ourselves, as my father had willed us to do, with many fervent prayers. The gentlewoman to whose charge I was committed was a lady of singular zeal and discretion, as well as great virtue; albeit, where religion was not concerned, of an exceeding timid disposition; which, to my no small diversion then, and great shame since, I took particular notice of on this journey. Much talk had been ministered in the county touching the number of rogues and vagabonds which infested the public roads, of which sundry had been taken up and whipped during the last months, in Lichfield, Stafford, and other places. I did perceive that good Mistress Ward glanced uneasily as we rode along at every foot-passenger or horseman that came in sight. Albeit my heart was heavy, and may be also that when the affections are inclined to tears they be

likewise prone to laughter; I scarce could restrain from smiling at these her fears and the manner of her showing them.

"Mistress Constance," she said at last, as we came to the foot of a steep ascent, "methinks you have a great heart concerning the dangers which may befall us on the road, and that the sight of a robber would move you not one whit more than that of an honest pedlar or hawker, such as I take those men to be who are mounting the hill in advance of us. Doth it not seem to you that the box which they do carry betokens them to be such worthy persons as I wish them to prove?"

"Now surely," I answered, "good Mistress Ward, 'tis my opinion that they be not such honest knaves as you do suppose. I perceive somewhat I mislike in the shape of that box. What an if it be framed to entice travellers to their ruin by such displays and shows of rare ribbons and gewgaws as may prove the means of detaining them on the road, and a-robbing of them in the end?"

Mistress Ward laughed, and commended my jesting, but was yet ill at ease; and, as a mischievous and thoughtless creature, I did somewhat excite and maintain her fears, in order to set her on asking questions of our attendants touching the perils of the road, which led them to relate such fearful stories of what they had seen of this sort as served to increase her apprehensions, and greatly to divert me, who had not the like fears; but rather entertained myself with hers, in a manner such as I have been since ashamed to think of; who should have kissed the ground on which she had trodden.

The fairness of the sky, the beauty of the fields and hedges, the motion of the horse, stirred up my spirits; albeit my heart was at moments so brimful of sorrow that I hated my tongue for its wantonness, my eyes for their curious gazing, and my fancy for its eager thoughts anent London and the new scenes I should behold there. What mostly dwelt in them was the hope to see my Lady Surrey, of whom I had had of late but brief and scanty tidings. The last letter I had from her was writ at the time when the Duke of Norfolk was for the second time thrown in the Tower, which she said was the greatest sorrow had befallen her since the death of my Lady Mount-eagle, which had happened at his grace's house a few months back, with all the assistance she desired touching her religion. She had been urged, my Lady Surrey said, by the duke some time before to do something contrary to her faith; but though she much esteemed and respected him, her answer was so round and resolute that he never mentioned the like to her any more. Since then I had no more tidings of her, who was dearer to me than our brief acquaintance and the slender tie of such correspondence as had taken place

between us might in most cases warrant ; but whether owing to some congeniality of mind, or to a presentiment of future friendship, 'tis most certain my heart was bound to her in an extraordinary manner ; so that she was the continual theme of my thoughts and mirror of my fancy.

The first night of our journey we lay at a small inn, which was held by persons Mistress Ward was acquainted with, and by whom we were entertained in a decent chamber, looking on unto a little garden, and with as much comfort as the fashion of the place might afford, and greater cleanliness than is often to be found in larger hostelrys. After supper, being somewhat weary with travel, but not yet inclined for bed, and the evening fine, we sat out of doors in a bower of eglantine near to some beehives, of which our hostess had a great store ; and methinks she took example from them, for we could see her through the window as busy in the kitchen amongst her maids as the queen-bee amidst her subjects. Mistress Ward took occasion to observe, as we watched one of these little commonwealths of nature, that she admired how they do live, labouring and swarming, and gathering honey together so neat and finely, that they abhor nothing so much as uncleanness, drinking pure and clear water, even the dew-drops on the leaves and flowers, and delighting in sweet music, which if they hear but once out of tune they fly out of sight.

"They live," she said, "under a law, and use great reverence to their elders. Every one hath his office ; some trimming the honey, another framing hives, another the combs. When they go forth to work, they mark the wind and the clouds, and whatsoever doth threaten their ruin ; and having gathered, out of every flower, honey, they return loaded in their mouths and on their wings, whom they that tarried at home receive readily, easing their backs of their great burthens with as great care as can be thought of."

"Methinks," I answered, "that if it be as you say, Mistress Ward, the bees be wiser than men."

At the which she smiled ; but withal, sighing, made reply :

"One might have wished of late years rather to be a bee than such as we see men sometimes to be. But, Mistress Constance, if they are indeed so wise and so happy, 'tis that they are fixed in a condition in which they must needs do the will of Him who created them ; and the like wisdom and happiness in a far higher state we may ourselves enjoy, if we do but choose of our free will to live by the same rule."

Then, after some further discourse on the habits of these little citizens, I inquired of Mistress Ward if she were acquainted with mine aunt, Mistress Congleton ; at the which question she seemed surprised, and said,

"Methought, my dear, you had known my condition in your aunt's family, having been governess for many years to her three daughters, and only by reason of my sister's sickness having stayed away from them for some time."

At the which intelligence I greatly rejoiced; for the few hours we had rode together, and our discourse that evening, had wrought in me a liking for this lady as great as could arise in so short a period. But I minded me then of my jests at her fears anent robbers, and also of having been less dutiful in my manners than I should have been towards one who was like to be set over me; and I likewise bethought me this might be the cause that she had spoken of the bees having a reverence for their elders, and doubted if I should crave her pardon for my want of it. But, like many good thoughts which we give not entertainment to by reason that they be irksome, I changed that intent for one which had in it more of pleasantness, though less of virtue. Kissing her, I said it was the best news I had heard for a long time, that I should live in the same house with her, and, as I hoped, under her care and good government. And she answered, that she was well pleased with it too, and would be a good friend to me as long as she lived. Then I asked her touching my cousins, and of their sundry looks and qualities. She answered, that the eldest, Kate, was very fair, and said nothing further concerning her. Polly, she told me, was marvellous witty and very pleasant, and could give a quick answer, full of entertaining conceits.

"And is she, then, not fair?" I asked.

"Neither fair nor foul," was her reply; "but well favoured enough, and has an excellent head."

"Then," I cried, letting my words exceed good behaviour, "I shall like her better than the pretty fool her sister." For the which speech I received the first, but not the last, chiding I ever had from Mistress Ward for foolish talking and pert behaviour, which was what I very well deserved. When she had done speaking, I put my arm round her neck,—for it put me in mind of my mother to be so gravely yet so sweetly corrected,—and said, "Forgive me, dear Mistress Ward, for my saucy words, and tell me somewhat I beseech you touching my youngest cousin, who must be nearest to mine own age."

"She is no pearl to hang at one's ear," quoth she, "yet so gifted with a well-disposed mind that in her grace seems almost to supersede nature. Muriel is deformed in body, and slow in speech; but in behaviour so honest, in prayer so devout, so noble in all her dealings, that I never heard her speak any thing that either concerned not good instruction or godly mirth."

"And doth she not care to be ugly?" I asked.

"So little doth she value beauty," quoth Mistress Ward, "save in the admiring of it in others, that I have known her to look into a glass and smiling cry out, 'This face were fair if it were turned and every feature the opposite to what it is;' and so jest pleasantly at her own deformities, and would have others do so too. Oh, she is a rare treasure of goodness and piety, and a true comfort to her friends!"

With suchlike pleasant discourse we whiled away the time until going to rest; and next day were on horseback betimes on our way to Coventry, where we were to lie that night at the house of Mr. Page, a Catholic, albeit not openly, by reason of the times. This gentleman is for his hospitality so much haunted, that no news stirs but comes to his ears, and no gentlefolks pass his door but have a cheerful welcome to his house; and 'tis said no music is so sweet to his ears as deserved thanks. He vouchsafed much favour to us, and by his merry speeches procured us much entertainment, provoking me to laughter thereby more than I desired. He took us to see St. Mary's Hall, which is a building which has not its equal for magnificence in any town I have seen, no, not even in London. As we walked through the streets he showed us a window in which was an inscription, set up in the reign of King Richard the Second, which did run thus,

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee
Do make Coventry toll free."

And further on, the figure of Peeping Tom of Coventry, that false knave I was so angry with when my father (ah, me! how sharp and sudden was the pain which went through my heart as I called to mind the hours I was wont to sit on his knee hearkening to the like tales) told me the story of the Lady Godiva, who won mercy for her townfolk by a ride which none had dared to take but one so holy as herself. And, as I said before, being then in a humour as prone to tears at one moment as laughter at another, I fell to weeping for the noble lady who had been in so sore a strait that she must needs have chosen between complying with her savage lord's conditions or the misery of her poor clients. When Mr. Page noticed my tears, which flowed partly for myself and partly for one who had been long dead, but yet lived in the hearts of these citizens, he sought to cheer me by the recital of the fair and rare pageant which doth take place every year in Coventry, and is of the most admirable beauty, and such as is not witnessed in any other city in the world. He said I should not weep if I were to see it, which he very much desired I should; and he hoped he might be then alive, and ride by my side

in the procession as my esquire; at the which I smiled, for the good gentleman had a face and figure such as would not grace a page-ant, and methought I might be ashamed some years hence to have him for my knight; and I said, "Good Mr. Page, be the shutters closed on those days as when the lady Godiva rode?" at the which he laughed, and answered,

"No; and that for one Tom who then peeped, there were a thousand eyes to gaze on the show as it passed."

"Then if it please you, sir, when the time comes," I said, "I would like to look on and not to ride;" and he replied, it should be as I pleased; and with such merry discourse we spent the time till supper was ready. And afterwards that good gentleman slackened not his efforts at entertaining us; but related so many laughable stories, and took so great notice of me, that I was moved to answer him sometimes in a manner too forward for my years. He told us of the Queen's visit to that city, and that the mayor, who had heard her grace's majesty considered poets, and herself wrote verses, thought to commend himself to her favour by such rare rhymes as these, wherewith he did greet her at her entrance into the town:

"We, the men of Coventry,
Be pleased to see your Majesty.
Good Lord! how fair you be!"

at the which her highness made but an instant's pause, and then straightway replied,

"It pleaseth well her Majesty
To see the men of Coventry.
Good Lord! what fools you be!"

"But," quoth Mr. Page, "the good man was so well pleased that the Queen had answered his compliment, that 'tis said he has had her majesty's speech framed, and hung up in his parlour."

"Pity 'tis not in the townhall," I cried; and he laughing commended me for sharpness; but Mistress Ward said,

"A sharp tongue in a woman's head was always a stinging weapon; but in a queen's she prayed God it might never prove a murtherous one." Which words somewhat checked our merriment, for that they savoured of rebuke to me for forward speech, and I ween awoke in Mr. Page thoughts of a graver sort.

When we rode through the town next day, he went with us for the space of some miles, and then bade us farewell with singular courtesy, and professions of good will and proffered service if we should do him the good at any time to remember his poor house; which we told him he had given us sufficient reason not to forget.

Towards evening, when the sun was setting, we did see the towers of Warwick Castle; and I would fain have discerned the one which doth bear the name of the great earl who in a poor pilgrim's garb slew the giant Colbrand, and the cave 'neath Guy's Cliff where he spent his last years in prayer. But the light was declining as we rode into Leamington, where we lay that night, and darkness hid from us that fair country, which methought was a meet abode for such as would lead a hermit's life.

The next day we had the longest ride and the hottest sun we had yet met with; and at noon we halted to rest in a thicket on the roadside, which we made our pavilion, and from which our eyes did feast themselves on a delightful prospect. There were heights on one side garnished with stately oaks, and a meadow betwixt the road and the hill enamelled with all sorts of pleasing flowers, and stored with sheep, which were feeding in sober security. Mistress Ward, who was greatly tired with the journey, fell asleep with her head on her hand, and I pulled from my pocket a volume with which Mr. Page had gifted me at parting, and which contained sundry tales anent Amadis de Gaul, Huon de Bourdeaux, Palmerin of England, and suchlike famous knights, which he said, as I knew how to read, for which he greatly commended my parents' care, I should entertain myself with on the road. So, one-half sitting, one-half lying on the grass, I reclined in an easy posture, with my head resting against the trunk of a tree, pleasing my fancy with the writers' conceits; but ever and anon lifting my eyes to the blue sky above my head, seen through the green branches, or fixed them on the quaint patterns the quivering light drew on the grass, or else on the valley refreshed with a silver river, and the fair hills beyond it. And as I read of knights and ladies, and the many perils which befell them, and passages of love betwixt them, which was new to me, and what I had not met with in any of the books I had yet read, I fell into a fit of musing, wondering if in London the folks I should see would discourse in the same fashion, and the gentlemen have so much bravery and the ladies so great beauty as those my book treated of. And as I noticed it was chiefly on the high-roads they did come into such dangerous adventures, I gazed as far as I could discern on the one I had in view before me with a foolish kind of desire for some robbers to come and assail us, and then a great nobleman or gallant esquire to ride up and fall on them, and to deliver us from a great peril, and may be to be wounded in the encounter, and I to bind up those wounds as from my mother's teaching I knew how to do, and then give thanks to the noble gentleman in such courteous and well-picked words as I could think of. But for all my

gazing I could naught perceive save a wain slowly ascending the hill laden with corn, midst clouds of dust, and some poorer sort of people, who had been gleaning, and were carrying sheaves on their heads. After an hour Mistress Ward awoke from her nap; and methinks I had been dozing also, for when she called to me, and said it was time to eat somewhat, and then get to horse, I cried out, "Good sir, I wait your pleasure;" and rubbed my eyes to see her standing before me in her riding-habit, and not the gentleman whose wounds I had been tending.

That night we slept at Northampton, at Mistress Engerfield's house. She was a cousin of Mr. Congleton's, and a lady whose sweet affability and gravity would have extorted reverence from those that least loved her. She was then very aged, and had been a nun in King Henry's reign; and, since her convent had been despoiled, and the religious driven out of it, having a large fortune of her own, which she inherited about that time, she made her house a secret monastery, wherein God was served in a religious manner by such persons as the circumstances of the time, and not their own desires, had forced back into the world, and who as yet had found no commodity for passing beyond seas into countries where that manner of life is allowed. They dressed in sober black, and kept stated hours of prayer, and went not abroad unless necessity compelled them thereunto. When we went into the dining-room, which I noticed Mistress Engerfield called the refectory, grace was said in Latin; and whilst we did eat one lady read out loud out of a book, which methinks was the life of a saint; but the fatigue of the journey, and the darkness of the room, which was wainscoted with oak-wood, so overpowered my senses with drowsiness, that before the meal was ended I had fallen asleep, which was discovered, to my great confusion, when the company rose from table. But that good lady, in whose face was so great a kindliness that I never saw one to be compared with it in that respect before or since, took me by the hand and said, "Young eyes wax heavy for lack of rest, and travellers should have repose. Come to thy chamber, sweet one, and, after commending thyself by a brief prayer to Him who sleepeth not nor slumbereth, and to her who is the Mother of the motherless, get thee to bed and take thy fill of the sleep thou hast so great need of, and good angels will watch near thee."

Oh, how I did weep then, partly from fatigue and partly from the dear comfort her words did yield me, and, kneeling, asked her blessing, as I had been wont to do of my dear parents. And she, whose countenance was full of majesty, and withal of most attractive gentleness, which made me deem her to be more than an ordinary

woman, and a great servant of God, as indeed she was, raised me from the ground, and herself assisted to get me to bed, having first said my prayers by her side, whose inflamed devotion, visible in her face, awakened in me a greater fervour than I had hitherto experienced when performing this duty. After I had slept heavily for the space of two or three hours I awoke, as is the wont of those who be over-fatigued, and could not get to sleep again, so that I heard the clock of a church strike twelve; and as the last stroke fell on my ear, it was followed by a sound of chanting, as if close unto my chamber, which resembled what on rare occasions I had heard performed by two or three persons in our chapel; but here, with so full a concord of voices, and so great melody and sweetness, that methought, being at that time of night and every one abed, it must be the angels that were singing. But the next day, questioning Mrs. Ward thereupon as of a strange thing which had happened to me, she said, the ladies in that house rose always at midnight, as they had been used to do in their several convents, to sing God's praises and give Him thanks, which was what they did vow to do when they became religious. Before we departed Mistress Engerfield took me into her own room, which was small and plainly furnished, with no other furniture in it but a bed, table, and kneeling-stool, and against the wall a large crucifix, and she bestowed upon me a small book in French, titled "The Spiritual Combat," which she said was a treasury of pious riches, which she counselled me by frequent study to make my own; and with many prayers and blessings she then bade us God-speed, and took leave of us. Our last day's lodging on the road was at Bedford; and there being no Catholics of note in that town wont to entertain travellers, we halted at a quiet hostelry, which was kept by very decent people, who showed us much civility; and the landlady, after we had supped, the evening being rainy (for else she said we might have walked through her means into the fair grounds of the Abbey of Woburn, which she thanked God was not now a hive for drones, as it had once been, but the seat of a worthy nobleman; which did more credit to the town, and drew customers to the inn), brought us for our entertainment a huge book, which she said had as much godliness in each of its pages as might serve to convert as many Papists,—God save the mark!—as there were leaves in the volume. My cheeks glowed like fire when she thus spoke, and I looked at Mistress Ward, wondering what she would say. But she only bowed her head, and made pretence to open the book, which, when the good woman was gone,

"Mistress Constance," quoth she, "this is a book writ by Mr. Fox, the Duke of Norfolk's old schoolmaster, touching those

he doth call martyrs, who suffered for treason and for heresy in the days of Queen Mary,—God rest her soul!—and if it ever did convert a Papist, I do not say on his deathbed, but at any time of his life, except it was greatly for his own interest, I be ready . . .”

“To be a martyr yourself, ‘Mistress Ward,’ I cried, with my ever too great proneness to let my tongue loose from restraint. The colour rose in her cheek, which was usually pale, and she said,—

“Child, I was about to say, that in the case I have named, I be ready to forego the hope of that which I thank God I be wise enough to desire, though unworthy to obtain; but for which I do pray each day that I live.”

“Then would you not be afraid to die on a scaffold,” I asked, “or to be hanged, Mistress Ward?”

“Not in a good cause,” she said.

But before the words were out of her mouth our landlady knocked at the door, and said a gentleman was in the house with his two sons, who asked to pay their compliments to Mistress Ward and the young lady under her care. The name of this gentleman was Rookwood, of Rookwood Hall in Suffolk, and Mistress Ward desired the landlady presently to bring them in, for she had often met them at my aunt’s house, as she afterwards told me, and had great contentment we should have such good company under the same roof with us; whom when they came in she very pleasantly received, and informed Mr. Rookwood of my name and relationship to Mistress Congleton; which when he heard, he asked if I was Mr. Henry Sherwood’s daughter; which being certified of, he saluted me, and said my father was at one time, when both were at college, the closest friend that ever he had, and his esteem for him was so great that he would be better pleased with the news that he should see him but once again, than if any one was to give him a thousand pounds. I told him my father often spake of him with singular affection, and that the letter I should write to him from London would be more welcome than any thing else could make it, by the mention of the honour I had had of his notice. Mistress Ward then asked him what was the news in London, from whence he had come that morning. He answered that the news was not so good as he would wish it to be; for that the Queen’s marriage with Monsieur was broke off, and the King of France greatly incensed at the favour M. de Montgomeri had experienced at her hands; and that when he had demanded he should be given up, she had answered that she did not see why she should be the King of France’s hangman; which was what his father had replied to her sister, when she had made the like request anent some of her traitors who had fled to France.

"Her majesty," he said, "was greatly incensed against the Bishop of Ross, and had determined to put him to death; but that she was dissuaded from it by her council; and that he prayed God Catholics should not fare worse now that Ridolfi's plot had been discovered to declare her highness illegitimate, and place the Queen of Scots on the throne, which had moved her to greater anger than even the rising in the North."

"And touching the Duke of Norfolk," Mistress Ward did ask, "what is like to befall him?"

Mr. Rookwood said, "His grace had been removed from the Tower to his own house on account of the plague; but it is reported the Queen is more urgent against him than ever, and will have his head in the end."

"If her majesty will not marry Monsieur," Mistress Ward said, "it will fare worse with recusants."

Upon which one of the young gentlemen cried out, "'Tis not her majesty will not have him; but Monsieur will not have her. My Lord of Oxford, who is to marry my Lord Burleigh's daughter, said yesterday at the Tennis Court, that that matter of Monsieur is grievously taken on her grace's part; but that my lord is of opinion that where amity is so needful, her majesty should stomach it; and so she doth pretend to break it off herself by reason of her religious scruples."

At the which both brothers did laugh, but Mr. Rookwood bade them have a care how they did suffer their tongues to wag anent her grace, and such matters as her grace's marriage; which, although in the present company might be without danger, was an ill habit, which in these times was like to bring divers persons into troubles.

"Hang it!" cried the eldest of his sons, who was of a well-pleasing favour and exceeding goodly figure; "recusants be always in trouble, whatsoever they do; both taxed for silence and checked for speech, as the play hath it. For good Mr. Weston was racked for silence last week till he fainted, for that he would not reveal what he had heard in confession from one concerned in Ridolfi's plot; and as to my Lord Morley, he hath been examined before the Council, touching his having said he would go abroad poorly and would return in glory, which he did speak concerning his health; but they would have it meant treason."

"Methinks, Master Basil," said his father, "thou art not like to be taxed for silence; unless indeed on the rack, which the freedom of thy speech may yet bring thee to, an thou hast not more care of thy words. See now, thy brother keeps his lips closed in modest silence."

"Ay, as if butter would not melt in his mouth," cried Basil, laughing.

And I then noticed the countenance of the younger brother, who was fairer and shorter by a head than Basil, and had the most beautiful eyes imaginable, and a high forehead betokening thoughtfulness. Mr. Rookwood drew his chair further from the table, and conversed in a low voice with Mistress Ward, touching matters which I ween were of too great import to be lightly treated of. I heard the name of Mr. Felton mentioned in their discourse, and somewhat about the Pope's Bull, in the affixing of which at the Bishop of London's gate he had lent a hand; but my ears were not free to listen to them, for the young gentlemen began to entertain me with divers accounts of the shows in London; which, as they were some years older than myself, who was then no better than a child, though tall of mine age, I took as a great favour, and answered them in the best way I could. Basil spoke mostly of the sights he had seen, and a fight between a lion and three dogs, in which the dogs were victorious; and Hubert of books, which he said, for his part, he had always a care to keep handsome and well bound.

"Ay," quoth his brother, "gilding them and stringing them like the prayer-books of girls and gallants, which are carried to church but for their outsides. I do hate a book with clasps, 'tis a trouble to open them."

"A trouble thou dost seldom take," quoth Hubert. "Thou art ready enough to unclasp the book of thy inward soul to whosoever will read in it, and thy purse to whosoever begs or borrows of thee; but with such clasps as shut in the various stores of thought which have issued forth from men's minds thou dost not often meddle."

"Beshrew me if I do! The best prayer-book I take to be a pair of beads; and the most entertaining reading, the 'Rules for the Hunting of Deer;' which, by what I have heard from Sir Roger Ashton, my Lord Stafford hath grievously transgressed by assaulting Lord Lyttleton's keepers in Teddesley Haye."

"What have you here?" Hubert asked, glancing at Mr. Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and another which the landlady had left on the table; "a profitable New-Year's Gift to all England."

"They are not mine," I answered, "nor such as I do care to read; but this," I said, "holding out Mr. Page's gift, which I had in my pocket, "is a rare fund of entertainment and very full of pleasant tales."

"But," quoth he, "you should read the *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Seven Champions of Christendom*."

Which I said I should be glad to do when I had the good chance to meet with them. He said, "my cousin Polly had a store of such pleasant volumes, and would, no doubt, lend them to me. She has such a sharp wit," he added, "that she is ever exercising it on herself or on others: on herself by the bettering of her mind through reading; and on others by such applications of what she thus acquires as leaves them no chance in discoursing with her but to yield to her superior knowledge."

"Methinks," I said, "if that be her aim in reading, may be she will not lend to others the means of sharpening their wits to encounter hers."

At the which both of them laughed, and Basil said he hoped I might prove a match for Mistress Polly, who carried herself too high, and despised such as were slower of speech and less witty than herself. "For my part," he cried, "I am of opinion that too much reading doth lead to too much thinking, and too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and often it falls out that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking."

At the which Hubert smiled, and I bethought myself that if Basil was no book-worm neither was he a fool. With suchlike discourse the evening sped away, and Mr. Rookwood and his sons took their leave with many civilities and pleasant speeches, such as gentlemen are wont to address to ladies, and hopes expressed to meet again in London, and good wishes for the safe ending of our journey thither.

Ah, me! 'tis passing strange to sit here and write in this little chamber, after so many years, of that first meeting with those brothers, Basil and Hubert; to call to mind how they did look and speak, and of the pretty kind of natural affection there was betwixt them in their manner to each other. Ah, me! the old trick of sighing is coming over me again, which I had well nigh corrected myself of, who have more reason to give thanks than to complain. Good Lord, what fools you be! sighing heart and watering eyes! As great fools, I ween, as the mayor of Coventry, whose foolish rhymes do keep running in my head.

The day following we came to London, which being, as it were, the beginning of a new life to me, I will defer to speak of until I find myself, after a night's rest and special prayers unto that end, less heavy of heart than at present.

Civilisation in the Fifth Century.

THE name of Ozanam was already celebrated in the world of letters, and he had published some portions of his historical course, when he died, in the midst of his unfinished labours. His early death is a fresh proof of the truth of the old adage, "*Ars longa, vita brevis,*" and the interest of his short autobiography is intense. He tells us of himself: "In the midst of an age of scepticism God gave me the blessing of having a Christian father and a religious mother; and He gave me for my first instructress a sister full of intelligence, and devout, like the angels whom she has gone to join. But, in the course of time, the rumours of an infidel world reached even to me, and I knew all the horror of those doubts which weigh down the heart during the day, and which return at night upon the pillow moistened with tears. The uncertainty of my eternal destiny left me no repose. I clung with despair to the sacred dogmas, and I thought I felt them give way in my grasp. It was then that I was saved by the teaching of a priest well versed in philosophy. He arranged and cleared up my ideas. I believed from that time with a firm faith, and, penetrated with the sense of so rare a blessing, I vowed to God that I would devote my life to the service of that truth which had given me peace. Twenty years have passed away since that time. Providence has done every thing to snatch me from business and to fix me in intellectual labours. The combination of circumstances has led me to study chiefly religion, law, and letters. I have visited the places which could afford me information. The historian Gibbon, as he wandered on the Capitol, beheld issuing from the gates of the Basilica of Ara Cœli a long procession of Franciscans, who marked with their sandals the pavement trodden by so many triumphs. It was then that, inspired by indignation, he formed the design of avenging antiquity thus outraged by Christian barbarism, and he conceived the plan of a History of the Fall of the Roman Empire. I too have seen the monks of Ara Cœli tread the ancient pavement of Jupiter Capitolinus, and I rejoiced at it, as the victory of love over strength; and I resolved to write the history of progress in those ages where philosophy finds only decadence; the history of civilisation in barbarous times, the history of thought escaping the shipwreck of letters, *forti tegente brachio.*" (Pref. pp. 2, 5.)

The Professor relates himself, with all the vigour of his intellect, the great and glorious plan of history which was the object of his life, in a letter dated Jan. 25, 1848: "This will be the literary history of barbarous times, the history of letters, and consequently of civilisation, from the Latin decadence, and the first beginning of Christian genius, to the end of the thirteenth century. I shall make it the subject of my lectures during ten years, if it is necessary, and if God prolongs my life. The subject would be admirable, for it would consist in making known this long and laborious education which the Church bestowed on modern nations." He then marks the salient points of his picture—the intellectual state of the world at the commencement of Christianity—the *monde barbare* and its irruption into civilised society, and met by the labours of Boethius, Isidore of Seville, Ven. Bede, and St. Boniface, who carried the torch of learning from one country to another, and handed it down to Charlemagne. Then follow the Crusades, and then the three glorious centuries of the Middle Ages, when St. Anselm, St. Bernard, Peter Lombard, Albert the Great, St. Thomas, and St. Bonaventure achieved for the world of intellect all that the Church and State acquired from Gregory VII., Alexander III., Innocent III. and IV., Frederic II., St. Louis, and Alfonso X. He gives a *résumé* of the events which influenced modern history, and ends by saying, "My labours would be completed by *la Divina Commedia*, the greatest monument of a period, of which it may be called an abridgment, and of which it is the glory." "This is proposed to himself by a man who was near dying a year and a half ago, and who is not yet wholly recovered. But I depend entirely on the goodness of God, in case He is pleased to restore my health and preserve to me the love for these noble studies with which He has inspired me." (Pref. pp. 3-6.)

Such was the object and occupation of his life from the age of eighteen, when he was an obscure student, to the time when he pronounced, as professor, the lectures which contained the labours of twenty years. Happily for himself, he had learnt early the result of labour. When he was twenty years of age, he wrote, "We exist on earth only to accomplish the will of God. This will is fulfilled day by day; and he who dies, leaving his task unfinished, is, in the sight of the Divine Maker, as far advanced as he who has had time to bring his to completion."

It was at Pisa, April 23, 1853, that M. Ozanam wrote a prayer so solemn, as well as so touching, that his friend, Father Ampère, seems to hesitate whether it ought to be laid before the public. His hesitation was conquered by the desire of making what is so excellent known, and he publishes the soliloquy of the dying man:

"I have said, 'In the midst of my days I shall go down to the gates of death,' &c. (Canticle Ezek.)

"This day is completed my fortieth year; more than half the ordinary span of life. I am, however, dangerously ill. Must I, then, quit all these possessions which Thou Thyself hast given me, O my God? Wilt Thou not, O Lord, accept a part of the sacrifice? Which of my ill-regulated affections shall I offer up to Thee? Wilt not Thou accept the holocaust of my literary self-love, my academical ambition, my prospects for study, in which, perhaps, there is mingled more pride than zeal for truth? If I sold the half of my books and gave the price of them to the poor, and if I restricted myself to fulfilling the duties of my office, and consecrated the rest of my life to visiting the poor and instructing apprentices and soldiers, O Lord, would this be a sufficient satisfaction, and wouldst Thou leave me the happiness of living to old age with my wife, and completing the education of my child? Perhaps, O my God, this is not Thy will. Thou wilt not accept these selfish offerings. Thou rejectest my holocaust and my sacrifices. It is myself whom Thou requirest. It is written in the commencement of the book that I must do Thy will, and I have said, O Lord, I come."

It is with a solemn interest that we turn to the fragments of that work to which Ozanam devoted his life and energies, and we find it to be the history of modern Europe. He himself lays down the three elements of history. "First, Chronology, which preserves the general succession of events; then Legend, which gives them life and colour; and then Philosophy, which fills them, as it were, with soul and intelligence."

In the childhood of the world, when the desire of knowledge was fresh and strong, all Pagan histories began with the siege of Troy, and all Christian histories from Adam and Eve. Authors gained fame by chronicles of all past events, because it satisfied the natural curiosity of man to know the antecedents of his country or race. As time went on, history became the expression of popular feelings; and what took place generally may be inferred from what we know of our own country. The British monk, Geoffrey of Monmouth, wrote of Arthur, the champion of the Faith and the model of chivalry; and the Venerable Bede wrote of the saints among his own Saxon countrymen; then came, with the evils of the Reformation, a reverence for what was ancient, and Stow wrote of Catholic England with a fidelity which ranked him among the benefactors of his country. But then also egotism began. Each must think for himself, and appropriate the results of former labours; each must analyse, or generalise, or criticise; and perhaps it is true that the original writer is he who

gives to the world his own view of things, and not the things themselves. If he is unselfish and loves truth for itself, he is a poet; if he subjects truth to his own views, he writes of history, but he does not write history; facts become subservient to theories, and he mentions only a few, as necessary illustrations of his own system. The reader yawns over the succession of kings and events, and chooses for his guide the infidel Hume, the philanthropic Mackintosh, or the Hanoverian Macaulay. The fashion of the present day is the idolisation of nature. This has made art pre-Raphaelite, and poetry euphuistic. History, too, is perhaps becoming a laborious restoration of the past. With a taste for detail which is truly Gothic, the popular historian must reproduce his characters with their own features, costume, and *entourage*, and the long-forgotten personages, as if restored to life by the genius of Sir Walter Scott, must walk about the stage in medieval garb. History has gone through nearly the same phases on the Continent until the period of the Reformation. Then in Catholic countries—as France, Spain, and Italy—arose a more reasoning but a grave and instructive school of history, which preserved past events as a deposit of the ages of Faith; and latterly, since excitement is become necessary to all, and the speculations of German literature have taught almost all to think, the French and German historians have adopted the philosophy of history. The German school takes a naked problem and proves it by a series of abstractions. We read Schlegel and Guizot, and we find instead of facts or dates or persons, a sort of allegorical personification of civilisation, liberty, progress, &c. This is rather declamation than narration, and those among the learned who value antiquity have found the art of realising not the externals but the spirit of the past. Thus when Ozanam, as the Professor of Foreign Literature at Paris, writes of the Middle Ages, the persons whom he names are, for the moment, living; not petrified, as in the stereoscope, but thinking, speaking, and acting, as if the writer could open a bright glimpse into the eternal world, where St. Denys, St. Bernard, St. Bonaventure, and St. Thomas still contemplate the Author and Giver of all they knew. And when he speaks of the succession of events, it seems as if we passed from the midst of a crowded procession, jostling along the dusty highway, to an eminence from which we see the points of its departure and arrival, the distinguished persons, the great objects, and the direction of the march, and that we not only see but understand and sympathise with the spirit of the undertaking. The thought is from above; but it becomes our own. For he not only classifies and generalises, but he christianises his glimpses into history. His pictures are indeed only illustrative of his principles; but when he intro-

duces a person or a fact, he speaks of them with such intimacy of knowledge that it creates a keen curiosity as well as a consciousness of ignorance in the reader. But the reader of Ozanam must be already an historian before he can appreciate the benefit of having his knowledge classified and animated by a living principle, as well as vivified and rendered distinct, as the objects in a dull landscape by a beam of sunshine.

The mission of Ozanam seems to be the destruction of those errors as to the value of the knowledge possessed in the Middle Ages, which have existed since the Renaissance.

It was natural that when the calamities of Europe were so far past as to permit the development of the intellectual faculties, men should be elated by their new powers, and undervalue the painful labours of men interrupted by violence and crime. Maitland, by the evidence of his own reading, saw the injustice of this, and said wittily, that "by the dark ages were meant, the ages about which we are in the dark." But he could see only the outward face of medieval knowledge, and missed its vivifying spirit—the faith of the Church. Ozanam had the gift of faith, and traces with a firm hand the progress of human intellect, often concealed and limited, but always advancing, and often breaking out in power and glory when some sainted Pope or Doctor of the Church explained the principles of religion and philosophy.

But it would be presumptuous to anticipate Ozanam himself, whose own words as well as his very life itself have given a *résumé* of his great object. It is at the conclusion of a lecture that he thus addresses the students:

"It is not my intention to follow out into its minor details the literary history of the fifth century. I only seek in it that light which will clear up the obscurity of the following ages. Travellers tell us of rivers which flow underneath rocks, and which reappear at a distance from the place where they were lost to the view. I trace up the stream of these traditions above the point where it seems to be lost, and I shall endeavour to descend with the stream into the abyss, in order to assure myself that I really behold the same waters at their outlet. Historians have opened a chasm between antiquity and barbarism. I have attempted to replace the connections which Providence has never suffered to fail in time any more than in space, &c. I should not brave the difficulties of such a study, gentlemen, if I were not supported, nay, urged onwards, by you. I call to witness these walls, that if ever, at rare intervals, I have been visited by inspiration, it was within their circuit; whether they have given back some of the glorious echoes with which they have formerly

rung, or whether I have felt myself carried away by your ardent sympathies. Perhaps my design is rash; but you must share the responsibility. You will make up the deficiency of my strength. I shall grow old and grayhaired in the labour, if God permits; but the coldness of age shall not gain upon me so far as that I shall not be able to return, as this day, in order to renew the young vigour of my heart in the warmth of your youthful days."

It is in his lecture on Pagan Empires that Ozanam lays down the principle on which his views of medieval history are based: "Each epoch has a ruin and a conquest,—a decadence and a renaissance." The greatest epoch of the world's history is that when all that was given to man at his creation was exchanged for a better nature at his redemption. This truth of destruction and regeneration is repeated over and over again through all created things,—the seed must die before the new grain can live. As each individual must be changed from the excellence of what he is still by nature to a heavenly model, so nations must be changed, and institutions perish and revive, and the great republic of letters, founded before the Flood and perfected in Greece and Rome, must die and be regenerated in the Christian Church. The first decadence is that of pagan Rome.

It is impossible to represent by quotations the grand but terrible picture which Ozanam draws of paganism, in its glory, its worldly splendour, and its spiritual darkness. He does full justice to the excellence of every art and science which the heathens attained; but he shows that while the court of Augustus was the model of refinement and civilisation, the altars were smoking with incense to devils, who were the personifications of every vice, and the rites of the temples were incantations and abominations. An audience of Christian students could not bear the too revolting details.

His object was the same as that of the great author of *Callista*—to destroy the prestige which still invests all that is classical. Rome was in truth a majestic empire, and even St. Jerome trembled at its fall: "Elle est captive la cité qui mit en captivité le monde."

St. Augustin was not a Roman, and was less overpowered by the terror of its fall. In the midst of the outcries which accused Christianity as the cause of the ruin which involved the world by the evident vengeance of Heaven, the saint wrote his *City of God*, and developed from the creation of the world to the times in which he lived the great Christian law of *progress*. A new empire—that of conscience—was to rule all nations. In this new empire strength and courage were of no avail, and women were as powerful as men in converting the world. Clotilde converted the heathen Franks,

and Theodolind the Arian Lombards. The holy bishop St. Patrick converted in his lifetime the whole Irish nation; and the holy monk St. Benedict founded in the desert of Cassino the monastic armies of the Church; while St. Gregory, from his bed of sickness, headed the battle of civilisation against barbarism. The victory was complete, and every converted country sent forth its missionaries to form Christian colonies.

Thus fell the *power* of Rome, but not her *influence*, for the great influence of paganism was the excellence of its literature. Though the Augustan writers were no more, yet Ammianus Marcellinus wrote history with the spirit of a soldier, and Vegetius wrote the precepts of the art of conquering. Symmachus was thought to rival Pliny in his letters; and, at the same time, Claudian, the last and not the least of Latin poets, succeeded Lucan in those historical epics so popular at Rome. He celebrated the war of Gildo and the victories of Stilicho over the Goths, in verses equal to the *Pharsalia*; and his invectives against Eutropius and Rufinus, in defence of Stilicho his patron, are still considered masterpieces. He ignored not only Christianity but Christian writers, though St. Ambrose was at Milan and St. Augustin at Carthage, and wrote gravely of mythology in an age when few pagans believed its fables. He was an Egyptian by birth, and trained in the schools of Alexandria, and was patronised by the Christian emperor Honorius, who erected to him—as to the best of poets—a statue in Trajan's Forum. Yet Claudian had truly pagan morals; he praised the vices of his patron Stilicho, and when he was murdered he wrote a poem to his enemy; “he misused both panegyric and satire, the powers of a good understanding and a rich fancy, and flowing versification, which place him, after an interval of three hundred years, among the poets of ancient Rome.” But while Claudian celebrated the conflict of Rome with the barbarians, he perceived not the mighty war between Christianity and paganism; and while our Lord and His blessed Mother triumphed over the idols and their temples, he wasted his poetry in their praise; and when he recited a poem in the presence of Honorius and the senate, he spoke to them as if they believed in mythology. Ozanam gives one remarkable proof of the hold over men's minds retained by paganism. When Honorius took possession of the palace of Augustus on Mount Palatine, he assembled the senate, and in the presence of all these great persons, many of whom were Christian, Claudian unrolled the parchment whereon his verses were written in letters of gold, and addressed Honorius as resembling Jupiter conquering the giants. And again, when he had the office of showing the splendours of Rome to Honorius, when he visited it for the first time

(404), he spoke of the city as a pagan in the language of idolatry. And the poet Rutilius, though born in Gaul, idolised Rome. "Rome was the last divinity of the ancients. Mother of men and gods (he calls her, as he wrote his *Itinerary to Gaul*); the sun rises and sets in thy dominions; thou hast made one country of many nations—one city of the world. Thy year is an eternal spring; the winter dares not stay thy joy." So powerful was the influence of pagan Rome over a foreigner; and that influence may be yet better perceived in the Christian poet Sidonius Apollinaris, who, though brought up, like Ansonius, in the Gallic schools, and sound in faith, could not write hexameters without mythology. The only language of poetry was pagan; and when he wrote to St. Patient, Bishop of Lyons (who fed his people in famine), he compared him to Triptolemus.

The first antagonist of the Church, in her task of regenerating society, was paganism; the second, barbarism. Charlemagne constructed, on the ruins of the Roman Empire, an empire of enlightened Christianity; but another decadence followed. The Normans sacked monasteries, and burned the Holy Scriptures, together with Aristotle and Virgil. The Huns destroyed the very grass of the fields. The Lombards seemed to be sent for the destruction of all that was left of human kind. Ozanam says, "Providence loves to surprise." The monks who escaped the Norman pirates preached to them amidst the ashes of their monasteries, and the Normans became Christians. Then arose the Basilicas of Palermo and Monreale in Sicily, and the churches of Italy, Normandy, and England. St. Adalbert converted the Huns, and they defended Christendom against the vices of Byzantium and the invasions of Mahometans. On the ruins of the Roman Empire arose the kingdoms of France, Germany, and Italy. Of this new empire, feudalism and chivalry were the opposite elements. Feudalism was the principle of division, chivalry that of fraternity; and these remodelled society.

The calamities attending this final disruption of the empire interrupted study, and learning was confined to the islands of Great Britain and Ireland, from whence missionaries carried not only religion but learning into the countries where they were almost extinguished by the Goths. Germany had three great monasteries,—Nouvelle Corbie, Fulda, and St. Gall. At this last monastery was preserved the classic literature. Monks studied grammar and wrote *Æneids*. The royal Hedwig introduced the study of Greek at St. Gall; and Ozanam relates it in one of those graphic incidents which are worth volumes. A new period began with Gregory VII. When he said, "Lord, I have loved justice, and hated iniquity;

wherefore I die in exile;" a Bishop replied, "You cannot die in exile, because God has given you the earth for your jurisdiction, and the nations for your inheritance." Then followed the Crusades, that wonderful and providential means by which the civilisation of the East was brought into the service of the Western Church. They destroyed feudalism; for all who fought gained glory, whether serf or noble. Chivalric poetry arose. Germany had its *Nibelungen*, Spain its *Cid*. Then arose the arts around Giotto and the tomb of St. Francis. Christian architecture was not Roman. The small temples and large amphitheatres, &c. were replaced by large churches, public halls, schools, and hospitals, a small town round a large cathedral. There were three capitals: Rome, the seat of the Papacy; Aix-la-chapelle, the seat of Empire; and Paris, of the schools.

How Paganism perished is perhaps one of the most useful lectures in the course, as it bears upon the doubts which are still felt by some as to the use of pagan books in Christian education. Ozanam shows that the monks preserved by transcribing the works of Seneca and Cicero, and that St. Augustin brought Plato and Aristotle into Christian schools; that St. Augustin, St. Jerome, and St. Basil preserved the heathen poets till Christian poets had learnt their art; nay, how the Church protected the Gallic bards and German scalds, and taught them to sing the praises of God. St. Gregory preserved the Saxon temples, and even adapted their rites and festivals to be used in Christian worship, that what had been perverted to the service of devils might be restored to God.

The contrast—the abyss—between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance has been exaggerated. There was literary paganism in the ages of faith. The troubadours sung of mythology, and the language of idolatry was purified by its application to the praises of the Martyrs, as is shown in the poems of St. Paulinus. When the Church emerged from persecution, the Roman schools became Christian; and when the Lombards threatened to plunge Christendom in darkness, there were two lamps still burning in the night—episcopal and monastic teaching; and in these, by degrees, the pagan books and pagan literature were replaced by Christian works, in which, however, there were still abundant traces of their pagan masters.

It is in a fragment that Ozanam speaks of the way in which the valuable part of antiquity was preserved. "When winter begins, it seems as if vegetation would perish. The wind sweeps away the flowers and leaves; but the seeds remain. The Providence of God watches over them. They are defended by a husk against the cold, and have wings which bear them to congenial places, where they spring again. So, when the ages of barbarism came, the win-

ter of human nature, it seems as if poetry and all the vegetation of thought would perish; but it was preserved in the dry questions of the schools through three or four centuries; and when the time and place came, the man of genius was raised up, and in his hands they grew again." "Such was St. Thomas of Aquin, the champion of dogmatism; and St. Bonaventure of mysticism; and Christendom had its own philosophy." Perhaps we do not realise sufficiently the despair which was the lot of reflecting heathens. They sought the aid of philosophy to console them "for hopeless deterioration from a golden to an iron age; but philosophy could only teach that the world was perishing, and that the pride of man must preserve him from erring and perishing with its possessions." "The heathens knew not the idea of progress; but the Gospel teaches and commands human perfectability, and says to each, Be ye perfect; and to all, Let the Church grow into the fulness of Christ." It was Faith, Hope, and Charity which produced progress.

And, first, Faith set free the human mind from the ignorance of God. Idolatry was not only that men gave to devils the worship which they owed to God; it was the love of what is mortal and perishable, instead of what is spiritual and eternal; it sunk mankind into materialism and sensuality. "Painters and sculptors represented only corporeal beauty: there was no expression in the figures of Phidias or Parrhasius." Ozanam shows how Christian art used what is material only as symbolism, and expressed by form and colour what is invisible and celestial; while poetry was rescued from degradation, and became what it really is, the noblest aspiration after truth of which man in his present state is capable. Philosophy was freed from the trammels of false systems, and speculated securely and deeply on the Divine and human nature. "Origen formed in the catechetical schools of Alexandria the science of theology," and in "the golden age of this new science St. Jerome taught exegesis, St. Augustin dogmatic, and St. Ambrose moral theology." "St. Anselm was tormented by the desire of finding a short proof that God exists, and with him began metaphysics." These were the rich treasures which lay concealed in the scholastic teaching of the Middle Ages.

As theology and Christian philosophy had sprung from faith, so Hope extended knowledge, because men laboured with fresh vigour in improving science. "The course of ages offers no grander spectacle than that of man taking possession of nature by knowledge." In the seventh century the Byzantine monks pierced the steppes of Central Asia, and passed the wall of China; monks took the message of the Pope to the Khan before Marco Polo visited the East;

and monks, in the eighth century, visited Iceland and even America. It was the calculations of the Middle Ages which emboldened Columbus to discover a new world and new creation; and when Magellan sailed round the globe, "man was master of his abode." He goes on: "When man had conquered the earth, he could not rest; Copernicus burst through the false heavens of Ptolemy; the telescope discovered the secrets of the stars, and calculation numbered their laws and orbits in the abyss of heaven. Woe be to those who are led away by such a sight from God! The stars told His glory to David, and so they did also to Kepler and to Newton."

It was by the third and greatest of the theological virtues, Charity, that the moral, as well as the intellectual nature of man was regenerated, though the change was wrought, perhaps, by slower degrees. Slavery of the most revolting kind—that slavery which ignores the soul and the reason, as well as the social rights of the slave, was replaced by liberty, oppression and injustice by laws which are still based upon the letter of the Roman laws; but administered with the equity of the Christian code. Cruelty and indifference to human life, as shown in the national passion for gladiatorial games, was replaced by gentleness and all good works; and the luxury of palaces, baths, &c., was replaced by gorgeous churches and hospitals. Education, which had been restricted to the few, was thrown open to all by free schools and by Christian preaching. Above all, the daughters of Eve, who were degraded below the condition of the very slaves, were raised to be helps-meet for Christians, either by the sacrament of marriage, or by the holiness of virginity.

In speaking of the reconstruction of intellectual action in the civilisation of Western Christendom, Ozanam has a grand and striking thought, that the first step to this was uniformity of language. The confusion of tongues which began at Babel was silenced throughout the world by the universal use of the Latin language, which was adopted by the Church; and that language which was formed to express all the passions and vices, as well as the strength and intelligence of man, conveyed, by the words of St. Gelasius and St. Gregory, the most sublime devotion; by those of St. Jerome, the deep senses of the Holy Scriptures; and when the Christian intellect was free to develop itself, there arose that Christian eloquence in preaching the gospel which influenced, for the first time, all ranks and all dispositions of men.

The present edition of the author's works is conducted by friends who understood and valued his object, and who were able to fill up, without blemishing, the unfinished parts of his lectures. Nothing can be done more faithfully, or in better taste: but

there are many blanks too wide to be filled even by such skilful hands. Ozanam says himself, that the two poles of his work are the "Essays on the Germans before Christianity," and that on Dante. These form the third and fourth volumes. In the fifth volume is his "Essay on the Franciscan Poets;" and that on Dante closes the series. We have confined ourselves to the subject-matter of the first and second volumes, which contain the lectures on the civilisation of the fifth century, and which suffice to show the lofty Christian philosophy with which Ozanam beholds the course of modern history. More than this it would be difficult to show. The lectures themselves are fragments; ideas snatched from the rapid flow of his eloquence, and that eloquence itself could feebly express the thoughts which visited his mind, and the impressions of glory which left no trace but sensation. There is no chronology, no succession. He fixes his eyes on the fifth century—he penetrates its mysteries, and the secret influences which it sends forth to after times. He speaks of what he sees; and we learn that the world of Christendom has had its decadence and renaissance, yet that progress continues. The crimes of the Middle Ages conceal that progress, and so do the troubles of the present time. *O passi graviora, dabit Deus his quoque finem.*

E. H.

3 Wedding at St. Denis.

You ask me, my dear, how our wedding went off. I have the satisfaction of replying, In the best possible manner; the weather fine; the company well dressed. As for the more serious impressions of the day, you well know that they would be of the most effective kind. M. Amédée is a good young fellow; and the bride took with her to the altar all the best wishes of St. Denis. We went down by train, a whole party of us,—relatives, friends, children, and servants; the latter in their snowy caps and gay shawls. The wedding was announced to take place in the parish-church, not at the abbaye. Hitherto I had always imagined that the two were one and the same. But no! The abbaye is the abbaye,—a noble and beautiful history of the age of St. Louis, bright and rich as are all the monuments of his piety. The parish-church is a small edifice approached by a broad flight of steps; and you may judge of my satisfaction when I found that it was attached to a house I have long desired to see,—that it was actually the chapel of the ancient Carmelite Convent, where lived and died the saintly Madame Louise, daughter of Louis XV. of France.

It is impossible to say why this or that particular book specially moves this or that person. The *Life of Madame Louise*, accidentally borrowed some years ago, made upon me a deep and lasting impression. It tells a touching story: how, weary of the hollow gaieties of a profligate court, Madame Louise, then a little over thirty, sought, and with difficulty obtained, her royal father's permission to become a Carmelite nun. The pious daughter of a pious mother had long cherished this ardent desire; but it will easily be believed that the way was not smooth; at last, however, she carried her point, and made her profession in presence of her father and numerous members of the court. The house was old; the community very poor; but Madame Louise would accept of no favours; one amongst the others, at a time and in a circle where royalty was held in the most absolute reverence, the princess bore herself with a humility, a self-renunciation, which would have been remarkable had she been nobody in the outer world, but which, in one accustomed from infancy to all the adulation of Versailles, showed a nature full of high courage and devotion. She was chosen mistress of the novices, and discharged her duties with affectionate zeal. Her old father used to come to see her now and then, and she had an influence over him which none of his other children possessed. He would come and sit in her cell,

admitting himself by his own royal authority; and would jest with her in a fatherly fashion, half promising to repent of his sins. Last prosperous monarch of his race; poor, weak, handsome, generous Louis le Bien-aimé, your good child loved you and prayed for you with unwearying piety; we also may hope and pray that this filial tenderness helped to draw down the pardon of an offended God. Madame Louise died a year or two before the breaking out of the revolution—I think in 1789; died unconscious of the lamentable storm so soon to break over her country. She died blessing France, blessing her nephew the king, tenderly remembered in her convent; leaving a name holy and beautiful in the annals of religion. It was with lively pleasure that I heard the ceremony of yesterday was to be performed in the chapel endeared by her memory, built at her desire. It was with emotion that I entered the little door on the right-hand of the church, once evidently leading into the convent itself. The house is now a barrack; a sad desecration for the home of Madame Louise; but through the wide gate, which faces the street, and at which two soldiers were loitering, I saw the arches of a little cloister; and from the small door at the side, by which entrance is also gained to the church, a wide staircase ascends to a room which is separated from the sacred building by immense folding-doors. I thought of the king ascending those stairs; of his daughter who waited dutifully to receive him; of their deaths so utterly forgotten; of her tomb, of which the *maire* told me there is no certain trace; of the utter oblivion in which France seems to hold her race; of her great great-nephew spending melancholy days at Frohsdorf; of the many desecrations of which this one desecration is the type,—my heart was full of these things while I waited in the chapel for the bridal party, whom perhaps you will think I neglect too long.

The great doors at the top of the steps are thrown open,—a few friends wait for them on either side, and at last they come. The pretty gracious bride in her white robe, crowned with orange-blossom, is led by an old man with white hair, not her father; for, alas! she is wholly an orphan,—has neither parents nor grandparents. And then “*le Monsieur de Mademoiselle*,” as her little pupils called M. Amédée during the time of the betrothal. Monsieur gives his arm to his aunt, a woman enjoying “*une haute considération*” in the literary and benevolent world. Then come the little cousins and the sisters of M. Amédée,—he too is an orphan; then the crowd of friends. M. le Curé stands at the altar; he knows the bride from her childhood and prepared her for her *première communion*. M. Amédée and Mademoiselle Lucile stand meekly before him; the good aunt takes up her post at the right hand. We are all ranged behind them; but, alas! two

immensely fat monsieurs range themselves exactly between me and the bride; I have, however, a good view of M. Amédée and M. le Curé. The priest joins their hands; he performs the short marriage-service; the two are made one; and it is the moment for the *petit discours* to be addressed to the married pair. We all sit down; the two fat monsieurs plump heavily into their chairs, and I strain my ears to catch the purport of the sermon, which I imagine will be an abstract discourse upon the duties of the marriage-state. But it proves to be no such thing. M. le Curé *connaît son monde*; and he improves the occasion with an eloquent earnestness which brings tears into the eyes of his hearers. After urging upon the young couple that they should remember in all things the God who had blessed their union, he says to M. Amédée: "You, O young man,—you who have been educated in a virtuous home, who belong to a family distinguished among others for its excellent reputation,—it is for you now to create for yourself a centre of similar influence." (M. le Curé here alludes to the good aunt, who had served as a mother to M. Amédée.) "It is for you to cherish all holy sentiments, all innocent and intellectual resources. I confide to you this day a young girl whom I regard as one of my children; cherish her; be to her a good husband." To the bride he says: "You come to the altar not unknown nor unrespected. To you the parents of St. Denis confide their little children" (she is mistress at the *salle d'asile*); "you have proved how well you merit their confidence, and they follow you this day to the altar with devout good wishes. You now enter a new sphere of duty, and I feel confident that you will exhibit the virtues of a Christian wife." Thus said M. le Curé, at much greater length, in his elegant and expressive French. My neighbour cried, and I cried, and the good aunt cried; and I verily believe the young couple must have cried likewise; but I could only see the back of M. Amédée's head, meekly bent to receive the parental admonition. It was a beautiful and appropriate discourse, followed by the *messe du mariage*; after which a few moments were spent in prayer for the future life of the young people, and we dispersed from the church to reunite at the *salle d'asile*.

This building, once a chapel nestled in the shadow of the abbaye, still retains traces of its ecclesiastical origin; the shape of the nave can be discerned on the outside, and within is a large room with a rounded end, now used as a play-room for the children. Here was laid out the wedding-breakfast, for fifty people, on a long narrow table, twenty-five on each side. The bride took her station in the centre of one side, opposite to the bridegroom, who seated himself upon the other; and next to him was placed the good aunt. The *maire* of St. Denis, a burly elderly gentleman with white hair and

bright dark eyes, supported the bride. The half-dozen children and one or two *bonnes* were at a round-table in the corner.

Then we began; *potage*, roast veal, fish, vegetables, quantities of *vin ordinaire*, winding up with bordeaux and champagne. The children had their full share of good things sent to their round-table; every body laughed, talked, ate, and drank; and we wound up a two hours' repast with a violent clinking of glasses in every direction; all the guests, armed with their glasses, assaulted the bride, who clinked with every body. The good aunt kissed M. Amédée tenderly on both cheeks, as if he had been a big baby. The universal *effusion* was something touching to behold.

People then began to think of returning home; but it was discovered that the stranger lady had never seen the abbaye, whose great bell was booming right above our heads. We were assured that it was no use attempting any thing of the sort; that the famous church had been under restoration for three years, and would be so for two years more; that the tombs were boarded up; that the effigies were temporarily placed in the crypt; &c. &c. These difficulties were, however, graciously solved by the burly *maire* with the bright eyes, who offered to take us into the abbaye himself, and let us see every thing in its present state, in spite of the workmen and the boards. So about twenty of us accompanied him into the vast building, which looked much as it must have done at the original building thereof. We walked round the numerous chapels of the choir; admired the painted columns, glistening with gilding and colour, and the rich stone carvings of the altars, likewise tinted with many hues. We saw the fretted tomb of Dagobert, desecrated at the revolution, when he and his queen, Nanthilde, were found lying together, enveloped in silk. Dagobert was buried A.D. 580, in the first chapel built on the spot; and his tomb was of course preserved by St. Louis in his reconstructions. The great sculptured monument of Louis XII., with its bas-reliefs representing the wars of the French in Italy and the king's entrance into Genoa, was covered up with an immense white cloth, of which a corner was lifted for our edification. The marble tomb of Francis I. was, however, fully visible; and several recumbent kings of the earlier dynasty, with straight figures and long noses, occupied the centre of the abbaye. These had been *scraped* at the revolution, for the sake of the gilding, and were now in a painful state of whiteness and apparent newness; but, for all that, they were many a hundred years old.

Then we descended into the crypt, where was a strange population of monumental kings, all placed here temporarily until their proper sites in the upper church should be ready for them. There was Louis XI. with his peculiar hat, and Louis XIV. with his

streaming wig, and an endless series of Charles's, and Louis's, and Jeannes, and Marguerites,—queens in stiff petticoats, kings in strange old-world coronets,—Marie Antoinette kneeling in her bridal costume, Louis XVI. ditto in his ample robes of state. The chapels of the crypt were crowded with these mute effigies; and our footsteps seemed too many, and our voices too loud.

Lastly, the guide took us to a sort of circular vault, having gratings in the wall opposite to each other. The guide bade us stand at one of these while he went round outside to the other, and, placing his torch close to the bars, threw a gleam of strong light within. And we saw seven or eight coffins on trestles; two tiny ones of little children. Here lie the few Bourbons whom the ruthless hand of desecration or the sad leagues of exile have permitted to lie at St. Denis. Here are Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, whose remains were restored by a faithful royalist to their daughter the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Here are the Duc de Berri and his two children, the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bourbon, and Madame Victoire Elizabeth de France, daughter of Louis XV., sister to Madame Louise. Here also are the coffins of Marie Lezinska (her mother) and an old king and queen of centuries ago, whose tombs by some chance escaped the ravages of 1793. Here lies also Louis XVIII. Charles X. died in exile. Henri Cinq—who knows where *his* corpse will repose?

A far deeper melancholy than that of death lingered for me in this crypt of St. Denis. We left the dim and silent vault, and entered the cell where Napoleon, transferred from the Invalides, is one day to lie; but I cannot feel as if his rightful place could ever be among these kings of France of the olden time. I do not love this mixture of incongruous traditions. I am glad he is not there as yet. Let us leave them alone in their glory,—that glory of tradition which supplies many defects of character, many faults of government. For these were really the *fleurs de lys* rooted in the soil of the land.

Let us return to the *salle d'asile*, where M. and Madame Amédée are waiting to bid their friends adieu. The bride has distributed her bouquet to eager claimants; the children are standing on tip-toe to admire the bridal presents, particularly the sugar-basin with its silver handle. The old *bonne*, who has known M. Amédée from boyhood, is crying her eyes out from fatigue and excitement, and has to be consoled in a corner by a torrent of caresses and a lively application of strong salts. Good-by, M. Amédée; good-by, Madame Amédée;—we leave you to occupy your pretty rooms disposed under the pointed roof of your strange old ecclesiastical abode. May all blessings attend you, now and for ever; and may you be the model couple of St. Denis!

B. R. P.

The Castle of Hunandaye.

A BRETON LEGEND.

BY DENIS FLORENCE M'CARTHY.

I.

At the lone hour when first the screech-owl screams,—
 At the lone hour when high on Hunandaye,
 Touched by the light of day's expiring beams,
 Its turrets fade like phantoms gaunt and gray,—
 At the lone hour when 'neath the wings of night
 The gloomy walls are hid in horrid gloom;
 Fly, traveller, fly; oh, haste in timely flight;
 For here hell growls, and darkness plots thy doom.

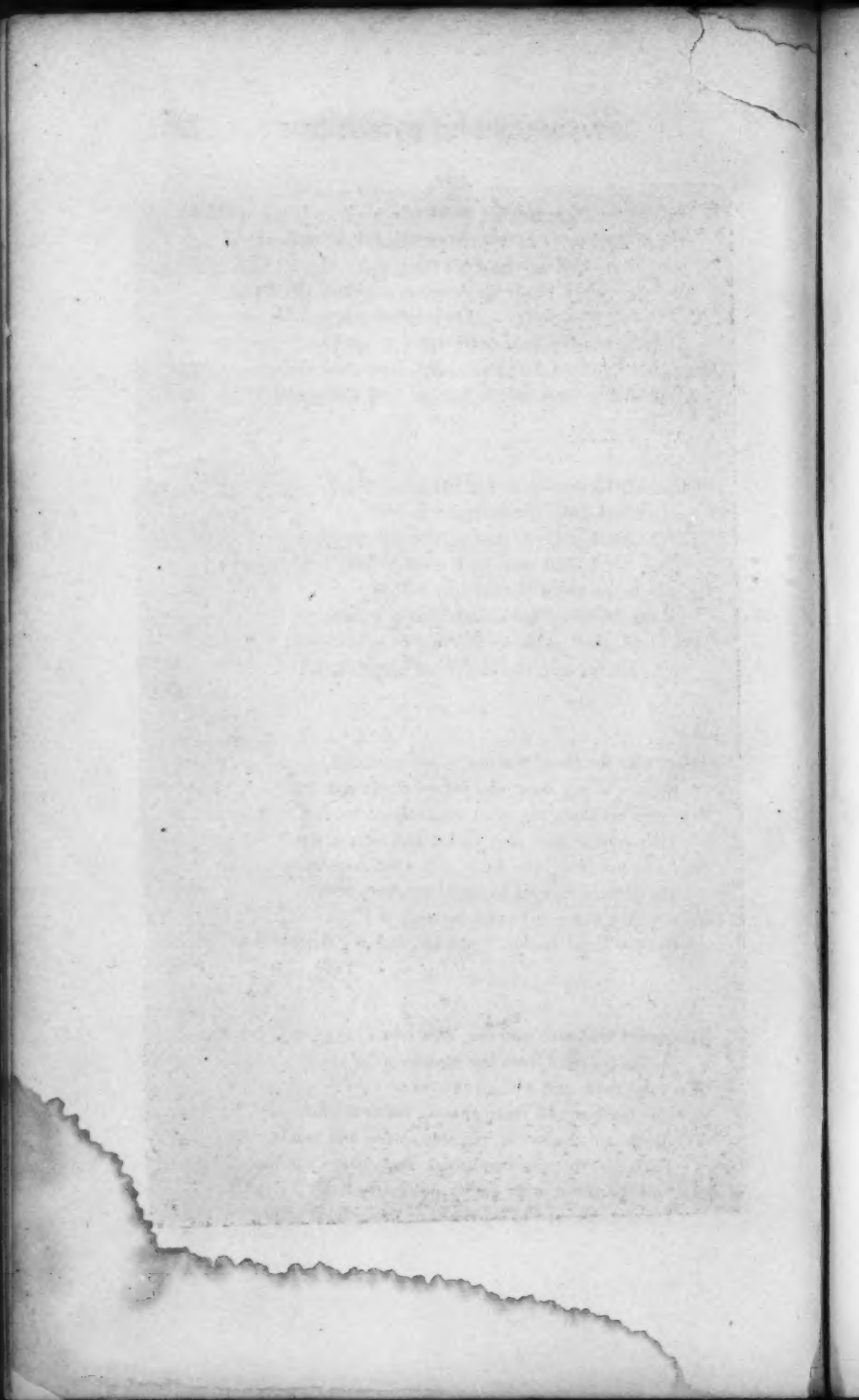
II.

Yes, it was here!—may God the Crucified
 Save us from harm!—'twas here,—I scarce can breathe,—
 Yes, it was here!—oh, do not quit my side,
 For sighs come swelling from the vaults beneath;
 Here, here it was, one night of storm and cloud,
 That through the rain, with solemn steps sedate,
 A proud pale stranger came, who thundered loud,
 As with a mace, upon the iron gate.

III.

"Open!" he cried. The hinges hoarsely creaked,
 The guards shrank back with wonder as he passed;
 For not a single drop of rain had streaked
 Or stained the purple mantle round him cast:
 No, not a single stain of humid dew
 Had rested on his helm's dark waving plume,
 Although a night of rain he had gone through,
 When fell the torrent with the thunder's boom.





IV.

In his lone tower, a watcher all alone,
The Châtelain sat, mute, downcast, full of care;
He started up, and o'er his floor of stone,
Which echoed 'neath his tread, approached the stair.
"Ho, there! who waits? What daring wight is he
That on my iron gate doth strike so loud?
Haste, Raol; haste, Olivier; quick, haste and see
What nameless knave is this, so bred and proud."

V.

"Oh, noble baron,—guard us, Heaven, I pray!—
A man-at-arms demands thy face to see."
"Let him mount here; but go not far away,
Raol, for I shall soon have need of thee."
He said, when silent to that turret high
A man in blood-red mantle slowly strides,
Then stops, the lightnings flashing from his eye;
All save his eyes the blood-red mantle hides.

VI.

"Say, who art thou, that on so wild a night
Strikes at my door, and rouses thus mine ire?
Say, who art thou, oh, most magnificent knight,
That comest thus *sans* escort and *sans* squire?
Say, who art thou, who know'st a word from *me*—"
The stranger's eyes in awful mockery rolled;
Then with a voice of fearful mystery
Said, "Thou wouldst know me, baron; then, behold!"

VII.

The escort that was wanting, it is here!"
A spectre rises from the realms of bale;
A second rises, and a third is near:
The three unveil their ghastly features pale;
The three are clothed in winding-sheets and bands,
Each spectre opes its shroud, that scarcely hides,
And all the three, with gaunt and grisly hands,
Point to the red blood trickling from their sides.

VIII.

"These are the only squires that wait on me,"
'Twas thus the stranger spoke; "on these look well:
Thy Sire's the first,—a good old man was he,
And he beneath a murderer's dagger fell;
Thy young Wife stands beside him,—she too slain
By murderous hands; the third of that dread row,
Thy youngest Brother:—thus they long have lain
In blood-stained graves. Their murderer? *Thou* dost know."

IX.

And the three phantoms twine their arms around
The shuddering baron, who in vain resists:
He calls for help, the walls return no sound,
The red man laughs, the baron shrieks and twists;
The thunder rolls, the living lightnings play,
The tempest rages through the leafless bowers;
Until at last, about the break of day,
Heaven's fire strikes full upon the baron's towers.

X.

See there—'twas there it struck where flames arose,
In fragments there the iron portal lay:
But look no more, for dark the horizon grows;
Fly, traveller, fly, and speed thee on thy way;
'Tis the lone hour when, 'neath the wings of night,
The castle-walls are hid in horrid gloom.
Fly, traveller, fly; oh, haste in timely flight;
For here hell growls, and darkness plots thy doom.

Dinan, Côtes du Nord, June 23, 1864.

Napoleon's Marriage with Marie-Louise.

THERE are many circumstances where even an excess of caution may not be injudicious, and few things can be more important than to ascertain the veracity of historical facts. Therefore we would fain preface this second episode drawn from the memoirs of Cardinal Consalvi, by pointing out the grounds on which their authenticity rests. We pass over the editor himself, Monsieur Crétineau-Joly, to arrive at the account he gives of the manner in which these papers fell into his possession. Written for the most part by the Cardinal during his exile at Rheims, they were hastily penned, and carefully concealed from the French officials that surrounded him. When dying, Cardinal Consalvi intrusted these important documents to friends on whom he could rely. They have since been transmitted as a sacred deposit from one fiduciary executor to another. The last clause of his will relates to this matter, and runs thus :

“My fiduciary heir (and those who shall succeed him in the administration of my property) will take particular care of my writings : on the Conclave held at Venice in 1799 and 1800 ; on the Concordat of 1801 ; on the Marriage of the Emperor Napoleon with the Archduchess Marie-Louise of Austria ; on the different epochs of my Life and Ministry. These five papers (of which some are far advanced, and I shall set about the others) are not to be published till after the death of the principal personages named therein. As the memoirs upon the Conclave, the Concordat, the Marriage, and my Ministry, relate more especially to the Holy See and the Pontifical government, my fiduciary heir will be solicitous to present them to the reigning Pontiff ; and he will beg the Holy Father to have these writings carefully preserved in the archives of the Vatican. They may serve the Holy See more than once ; especially if the history of events therein related comes to be written, or if there were some false account to refute. As to the memoirs concerning the different epochs of my life, the extinction of my family leaving no one whom they may interest, these writings can remain in the hands of my fiduciary heir and his successors in the administration of my property (or they might go with the others to the archives of the Vatican, if they are thought worth preserving). My only desire is, that if hereafter, as will probably be the case, the lives of the Cardinals are continued, these pages written by me may then be made known. For I wish that nothing contrary to truth should be published concerning me ;

being desirous to preserve a good reputation, as is recommended by holy Scripture. With regard to the truth of the facts contained in my writings, it suffices me to say: 'Deus scit quia non mentior.'

"(Signed) E. CARD. CONSALVI.

"Rome, 1st August 1822."

In 1858 it was deemed that the time for publication had come. Monsieur Crétineau-Joly was then staying at Rome; and the papers were confided to him for that purpose by "those eminent personages who, through gratitude or respect, had accepted the deposit of Consalvi's manuscripts." Accordingly a part did come out the following year, and the remainder is now before the public. The part which appeared first embodied in *L'Eglise Romaine en face de la Révolution* won for M. Crétineau-Joly in 1861 a flattering brief from Pope Pius IX., which heads the third edition of the work.

Nine years had rolled on since the Concordat. Ten months after the Pope's presence had given solemnity to his coronation, Napoleon caused the French troops to occupy Ancona; Pius VII., having refused to become virtually a French prefect, was deprived of his temporal sovereignty, and then at last dragged from his capital to be transferred a prisoner to Florence, Grenoble, and finally Savona. Excommunication had been pronounced against those who perpetrated these deeds of violence. Meanwhile, Napoleon, at the summit of earthly grandeur, longed for an heir to whom he might transmit his vast dominions. The repudiation of Josephine offered some difficulty to his heart, we believe; but his strong will soon triumphed over that and every other obstacle. Proud Austria stooped to court his preference. Napoleon, disappointed in his wish for a Russian alliance, but in too much haste to wait negotiations, let his choice fall with equal pleasure on a daughter of the House of Hapsburg; Marie-Louise, just then eighteen, came a willing bride to share the splendours of the imperial throne. To prepare for her reception, a state-comedy had been enacted at the Tuileries, when Napoleon, holding his good and well-beloved Josephine by the hand, read from a written paper his heroic determination to renounce her for the public weal. Poor Josephine could not get on so well; sobs choked her utterance when she essayed to read her paper in turn. Convulsive fainting-fits had followed when Napoleon first broached in private the resolve he had taken, and called upon her to aid it by consenting to become, instead of his wife, his best and dearest friend. But all that was over now.

One only difficulty had arisen, which even the imperious will of Napoleon failed wholly to break. It was the same that had ever thwarted him. He could destroy all temporal barriers to his ambi-

tion; but the spiritual element would rise up and protest. How cut asunder the religious tie that linked him to Josephine? For the Church's blessing had been given to their union ere the Pope would consent to perform the ceremony of the coronation. Full well Napoleon knew that he could with an iron hand put down clamour for the present; but would that dispel the feeling in men's consciences? would that suffice to establish the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne?

M. Thiers gives a curious account of the whole transaction. Cardinal Fesch, usually so pliant to all his nephew's wishes, appears to have been the first to start the difficulty; M. Cambacérès the chancellor transmitted his observations to Napoleon. The latter was highly indignant, declaring that a ceremony which had taken place privately, in the chapel of the Tuileries, without any witnesses, and with the sole view of quieting Josephine's scruples and those of the Pope, could not be binding. Finally, however, it was agreed to look at the marriage religiously as well as civilly, and to dissolve both ties. For both, annulment was preferred to the ordinary form of divorce, as more honourable for Josephine; and a defect in procedure or a great state reason were to constitute the grounds of dissolution. It was resolved that no reference should be made to the Pope in any way, as his feelings towards Napoleon under present circumstances could not be friendly. The civil marriage had been easily dissolved by mutual consent of the parties and for public reasons, as seen above, when Napoleon and Josephine read their respective papers before the assembled council. With the views just stated, a committee of seven Bishops was formed to pronounce on the religious tie. They declared the marriage irregular; as having taken place without witnesses, and without sufficient consent of the parties concerned. With regard to the absence of witnesses, M. Thiers puts in a note: "It was through a false indication given by a contemporary manuscript that I before mentioned MM. de Talleyrand and Berthier as having been present at the religious marriage privately celebrated at the Tuileries on the eve of Napoleon's coronation. The author of this manuscript held the facts from the lips of the Empress Josephine, and had been led into error. Official documents which I have since procured enable me to rectify this assertion."

What more likely than that Josephine told the simple truth, and that official papers were made to meet future contingencies? If it had not been intended to annul the marriage by *any* means, why was the certificate of it wrested from Josephine?

Agreeably to the decision of the Bishops, it was resolved to pursue the annulment of the marriage as defective in form before the

diocesan officialty in the first instance, and afterwards before the metropolitan authority. Canonical proceedings were quietly instituted, and witnesses summoned. These witnesses were Cardinal Fesch, MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc. The first was to testify as to the forms observed; and the three others as to the nature of the consent given by both parties concerned. Cardinal Fesch declared he had received dispensations from the Pope authorising the omission of certain forms, and thus justified the absence of witnesses and of the parish curé. MM. de Talleyrand, Berthier, and Duroc affirmed having heard from Napoleon several times, that he only intended to allow a mere ceremony for the purpose of reassuring the Pope's conscience and that of Josephine; but that his formal determination had ever been not to complete his union with the Empress, being unhappily convinced that he must one day renounce her for the good of his empire.

A strange conscience is here manifested by Napoleon. Josephine does not appear to have been summoned to tell her tale.

After this inquiry, the ecclesiastical authority recognised that there had not been sufficient consent; but out of respect to the parties this ground of nullity was not specially insisted on. The causes assigned for dissolving the marriage rested on the absence of all witnesses, and of the parish curé. The general dispensations granted to Cardinal Fesch were not considered to have superseded these necessities. M. Thiers says on this point, "*En conséquence, le mariage fut cassé devant les deux juridictions diocésaine et métropolitaine, c'est à dire, en première et en seconde instances, avec le décéence convenable, et la pleine observance du droit canonique! Napoleon était donc libre.*"

M. Thiers makes no reference to the Pope, who surely must be supposed to have known whether the ceremony performed for the sole purpose of allaying his and Josephine's scruples were perfectly valid by canon-law. It is not possible to admit that he could have insisted on the same, and being present on the spot could yet have failed to ascertain beyond doubt the religious legality of the marriage; more especially as he could have at once removed the obstacle by a dispensation.

This topic must have been mentioned between the Pope and Cardinal Consalvi; it is evident from the conduct of the latter that he and many other Cardinals considered the marriage with Josephine as binding in a religious point of view. The character of Consalvi precludes the possibility of supposing any petty motives for his opposition; conscience alone could have dictated it. Evidently he yielded as far as he could; and what he withheld from duty was with mani-

fest peril to himself, and, humanly speaking, even to the Church, whose interests were so dear to him. As to the number of Cardinals holding opposite views, or at least acting as if they did, the weakness of human nature, alas, and the selfishness of human interests, too well explain that circumstance. Grave historians and writers of genius do not always take sufficient account of *conscience* in their estimate of men and things, and thence flow many errors. Those who are politicians also, from their wide knowledge of human vices fall still more readily into this mistake. Thus Napoleon probably never believed the Pope to be in earnest, or at least his mind could not hold such an idea long together. To himself state-policy was all, or nearly all. His negotiations with the Holy See, his appreciations of Consalvi, all bear the stamp of that starting-point; to him it was a trial of strength in will, or of skill in diplomacy: he ignored conscience. In the same way, a mind eminently lucid as that of M. Thiers judges facts in a very different manner than he would do if he could see that with some minds conscience is the spring of action. If this were not the case, he could not, while speaking of the Pope with due respect, pass over his motives so slightly; nor would he construe as he does Consalvi's conduct with regard to the marriage and that of the other *black Cardinals*. The opinions of such men deserved to raise a doubt in the mind of the historian, and to lead to investigation that might have had other results. We purposely lay stress on this matter because M. Thiers is popular with a large class of readers, who justly admire his talent, but who erroneously consider him a fair exponent on ecclesiastical affairs. He does respect religion; but evidently fails to apprehend the idea of men constantly swayed by duty and conscience; whose judgments may err, as all things human do, but whose supernatural principle of action ever lives.

Towards the close of January 1810, the conclusion of a matrimonial alliance to take place between Napoleon and the Archduchess Marie-Louise was made public in Paris. The ceremony was to be performed by proxy at Vienna in the early part of March; the Archduke Charles being chosen to represent Napoleon on this occasion, and Berthier was the ambassador extraordinary named to ask formally the hand of the princess. The subsequent fêtes at Paris were to vie in splendour with those given at Vienna. Napoleon wished to surround himself with all the members of the Sacred College; a large number had already been summoned to Paris soon after the Pope's captivity; they had been ordered to partake in the festivities of the capital, and we regret to say that they complied. Rome, it must not be forgotten, was now called a French provincial town; Napoleon was progressing on to become the emperor of the West,

with the Pope, the spiritual father of Christendom, as his satellite. The other Cardinals in Rome were called to Paris. Some found pretexts for delaying obedience; Cardinals Consalvi and di Pietro replied that they could not think of leaving without the Pope's permission, but would immediately refer to him, at the same time declining the pension offered in Paris. After the lapse of a few days an express order enjoined them to quit Rome within twenty-four hours. They alleged that no answer had yet arrived from the Pope. But at the expiration of the period fixed, French soldiers visited their houses to carry them off by force. Yielding to violence they departed, and reached Paris together on the 20th January 1810.

Twenty-nine Cardinals, including Fesch, were then assembled in the French capital. How they should act with regard to the new marriage became soon a subject of grave consultation for them. Consalvi and di Pietro had not long arrived when it was publicly announced. Napoleon seemed disposed to treat them with courtesy. Consalvi had his audience six days after his arrival. Five other Cardinals, new comers also, were presented at the same time. They were ranged together on one side, while the other Cardinals remained opposite. Further on were the nobles, ministers, kings, queens, princes, and princesses. When the Emperor appeared, Cardinal Fesch stepped forward and began presenting the five. "Cardinal Pignatelli," said he. "Neapolitan," replied the Emperor, and passed on. "Cardinal di Pietro," continued Fesch. The Emperor stopped a moment, and said, "You have grown fat; I remember having seen you here with the Pope at my coronation." "Cardinal Saluzzo," said Fesch, presenting the third. "Neapolitan," replied the Emperor, and walked on. "Cardinal Desping," said Fesch, as the fourth saluted. "Spanish," replied the Emperor. "From Majorca," cried Desping, in alarm. But Napoleon had already reached Consalvi, and ere Cardinal Fesch could say the name, he exclaimed, in the kindest tone, and standing still, "Oh, Cardinal Consalvi; how thin you have become! I should hardly have recognised you." "Sire," replied Consalvi, "years accumulate. Ten have passed since I had the honour of saluting your majesty." "That is true," resumed Napoleon; "it is now almost ten years since you came for the Concordat. We made that treaty in this very hall; but what purpose has it served? All has vanished in smoke, Rome would lose all. It must be owned, I was wrong to displace you from the ministry. If you had continued in that post, things would not have been carried so far."

Listening only to the fear of having his actions misconstrued by the public, Consalvi instantly replied with energy, "Sire, if I had

remained in that post, I should have done my duty." *Napoléon* looked at him fixedly, made no answer, and then going backwards and forwards through the half-circle formed by the Cardinals, began a long monologue, enumerating a number of grievances against the Pope and against Rome for not having adhered to his will by refusing to adopt the system offered. At length, being near *Consalvi*, he stopped, and said a second time, "No, if you had remained at your post, things would not have gone so far." Again *Consalvi* replied, "Your majesty may believe that I should have done my duty." *Napoléon* gave the Cardinal another fixed glance, and then without reply recommenced his walks, continuing his former discourse. At last he stopped near Cardinal *di Pietro*, and said for the third time, "If Cardinal *Consalvi* had remained secretary of state, things would not have gone so far." *Consalvi* was at the other end of the little group of five, and need not have answered; but earnest to exonerate himself from all suspicion, he advanced towards *Napoléon*, and seizing his arm, exclaimed, "Sire, I have already assured your majesty, that had I remained in that post, I should certainly have done my duty." The Emperor no longer containing himself, and with eyes steadily bent on *Consalvi*, burst forth into these words, "Oh! I repeat it, your duty would not have allowed you to sacrifice spiritual to temporal things." After this he turned his back on *Consalvi*, and going over to the Cardinals opposite, asked if they had heard his words. Then returning to the five, he observed that the College of Cardinals was now nearly complete in Paris, and that they would do well to see among themselves if there was any thing to propose or regulate concerning Church affairs. "Let Cardinal *Consalvi* be of the committee," added *Napoléon*; "for if, as I suppose, he is ignorant of theology, he knows well the science of politics."

At a second and third audience, *Napoléon* showed similar kindness to *Consalvi*, always asking after his health, and remarking that he was getting fatter now. The Cardinal only answered by deep salutations.

Principally through *Consalvi*'s influence, the Cardinals in a collective letter addressed to the Emperor, declined acting in any way while separated from their head the Pope. *Napoléon* had angrily torn their letter to pieces; but even this opposition to his will had not changed his courtesy towards *Consalvi*, as seen above. He was bent on creating a schism between them and the Pope. *Fesch*, his ready instrument, proposed several steps as beneficial to religion, but the majority of Cardinals refused to do any thing. Unlike many of his colleagues, *Consalvi* held aloof from all society. Besides the prohibition of the Pope, who at Rome had forbidden the members of

the Sacred College to assist at festivities while the Church was in mourning, he considered it unworthy conduct for them to take part in amusements while their head remained in captivity, or to seem to court one who had brought such calamities on the Holy See.

While invited to discuss ecclesiastical matters in committee for presentation to the Emperor, the Cardinals were not by any means requested to give an opinion on the new marriage. But it became very necessary that they should have one, as the time approached for the arrival of Marie-Louise, and for the celebration of the marriage ceremonies in Paris.

She reached Compiègne on the 27th of March. Napoleon, to spare her the embarrassment of a public meeting, had surprised her on the road, and they entered the little town together. A few days after they proceeded to St. Cloud. Four ceremonies were to take place. First there was to be a grand presentation on the 31st of March, at St. Cloud, of all the bodies in the state, the nobles and other dignitaries. The next morning the civil marriage was to be celebrated also at St. Cloud. The 2d of April was fixed for the grand entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the solemnity of the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries; the following morning another presentation of the state bodies and the court was to take place before the Emperor and the new Empress seated on their thrones.

Twenty-seven Cardinals had taken counsel together; for Fesch, as grand-almoner to the Emperor, was out of the question, and Caprara was dying. They had decided, after deliberate research, that matrimonial cases between sovereigns belong exclusively to the cognizance of the Holy See, which either itself pronounces sentence at Rome, or else through the medium of the legates names local judges for instituting the affair.

According to Consalvi's account, the diocesan officialty of Paris on this occasion refused at first to intervene, on the ground of incompetency; but the Emperor caused competency to be declared by a committee of Bishops assembled at Paris, and presided over by Cardinal Fesch. The words, however, "*declared competent*," were not eventually inserted in the documents drawn up of the meeting; it was pretended instead that access could not be had to the Pope. But this pretended impossibility could of course arise only from the will of Napoleon.

Consalvi assures us that the preamble used by the committee in the first instance ran thus:

"The officialty, being declared competent, and without derogating from the right of the Sovereign Pontiff, to whom access is for the

moment forbidden, proclaims null and void the marriage contracted with the Empress Josephine, the reasons for such decision being stated in the sentence." But when it was remarked how prejudicial this avowal would be, the government made it disappear from among the acts of the ecclesiastical curia. For it had been previously arranged that all papers relative to this affair should be submitted to government. According to general report in Paris, some of the papers were burnt, and others changed. A person belonging to the officialty succeeded, however, in secretly saving a part, and especially the beginning of the sentence, which was as given above.

Consalvi does not so much as name the validity or invalidity of the marriage; the point to establish for him was that the right of cognisance belonged solely to the Holy See. The incident he mentions of the papers destroyed has no other importance than as showing how conscience at first pronounced, and how a strong hand silenced its expression.

Thirteen Cardinals resolved to brave any consequences rather than consent to a dereliction of duty; for their oath, when raised to the purple, binds them to maintain, at all hazards, the rights of the Church. The names of these thirteen were: Cardinals Mattei, Pignatelli, della Somaglia, di Pietro, Litta, Saluzzo, Ruffo Scilla, Brancadoro, Galeffi, Scotti, Gabrielli, Opizzoni, and Consalvi. The other fourteen held different shades of opinion, and only agreed in deciding not to oppose the Emperor.

The sole means by which the thirteen could protest, under the circumstances, was not to sanction the new marriage by appearing at the ceremonies. This resolve was accordingly taken, and the fourteen were apprised. Mattei, the oldest Cardinal among the thirteen, called upon most of the fourteen to acquaint them with the resolution; other members of the thirteen likewise spoke of it to their colleagues; but no result was produced on the minds of the fourteen. To the shame of the latter it must be said that they afterwards untruly declared themselves ignorant of the line of conduct which the thirteen had intended to adopt. Consalvi positively asserts that such was not the case. The thirteen spoke with the caution commanded by prudence on so delicate a matter, not seeking ostensibly to prevent the others from following their own opinions, and anxious to avoid giving any pretext for the accusation of exciting a feeling against the government. But this reserve did not prevent them from clearly expressing their intention to uphold the rights of the Pope and of the Holy See by abstaining from all participation in the marriage ceremonies.

Though called upon by duty to act in the way mentioned, the

thirteen Cardinals naturally wished to avoid, as much as possible, wounding Napoleon. With this view Mattei was deputed to seek an interview with Fesch, for the purpose of informing him what course they felt obliged to pursue. At the same time Mattei gave him to understand that all publicity might be avoided, or any bad effect on the public obviated, by addressing partial, instead of general, invitations to the Cardinals. This was to be done with regard to the senate and the legislative body, and indeed the smallness of the enceinte offered a plausible pretext; for it was impossible that all entitled to appear on the occasion could be present. Cardinal Fesch evinced great surprise and anger, endeavouring to reason Mattei out of this view; but finding it was of no use, he promised to speak to the Emperor, who was then at Compiègne.

According to Fesch's account, Napoleon flew into a violent passion on learning the decision come to by the thirteen; but he declared that they would never dare to carry out their plot, and utterly rejected the idea of not inviting all the members of the Sacred College.

At the proper time a special invitation reached each Cardinal. There was no possibility of escape. To feign illness or invent a pretext they rightly deemed would be unworthy.

Nevertheless, anxious as they were to avoid offence, when they came to consider more closely the nature of the different ceremonies, it was considered by some that they might, without failing in duty, assist at the two presentations that were to take place before and after the marriages. Consalvi was among those opposed to this view on grounds of honour at least; but, not to provoke any further schism in their ranks, the minority yielded, and this mode of proceeding was decided on. Both marriages were to be eschewed; but they would assist at both presentations. The Cardinals hoped thus to prove that they did all they possibly could to please Napoleon, consistently with their sense of duty. It was also considered highly desirable to shield the fourteen from remark as much as could be, for it was a grievous matter to right-minded men to see the honour and dignity of the Sacred College thus abased.

Accordingly, on the evening fixed, all the Cardinals went to St. Cloud. Together with the other dignitaries, they were in the grand gallery waiting the arrival of Napoleon and his new Empress, when Fouché, the minister of police, came up. Consalvi had been very intimate with him, but having paid scarcely any visits since his return to Paris, from the motives stated above, they had not hitherto met. Fouché drew him aside, and asked with much cordiality and interest if it were true that several Cardinals refused to be present at the Emperor's marriage.

Consalvi was silent at first, not wishing to name any one in particular. But when Fouché insisted, saying that, as minister of police, he knew of course all about it, and only asked through politeness, Consalvi replied that he belonged to the number.

"Oh, what do you say!" exclaimed Fouché. "The Emperor was speaking of it this morning, and in his anger named you; but I affirmed that it was not likely you should be of the set."

Fouché then pointed out the dangerous consequences of such a proceeding, saying that the non-intervention of the Cardinals would seem to blame the State, the Emperor, and even to attack the legitimacy of the future succession of the throne. He tried to persuade Consalvi to be present himself at least, or if the whole thirteen would not come to the civil marriage, to attend, however, the religious ceremony. Consalvi could not of course consent; but he told the efforts they had made to avoid invitations for all, and promised, at Fouché's request, to repeat this conversation to the twelve.

Their discourse was interrupted by the appearance of the Emperor and Empress. Napoleon came in holding Marie-Louise by the hand, and he pointed out each person to her by name as he drew near. On approaching the members of the Sacred College, he exclaimed, "Ah, the Cardinals!" and presented them, one after the other, with great courtesy, naming each, and mentioning some qualification. Thus Consalvi was designated as he who arranged the Concordat.

It was said afterwards that Napoleon's kindness had been intended to win them over.

They all bowed in return, without speaking. When this ceremony was over, the thirteen returned to Paris and met at the house of Cardinal Mattei. Consalvi then related his conversation with Fouché; they saw clearly what there might be to apprehend, but none wavered in the resolution taken.

The following day, the civil marriage was celebrated at St. Cloud. The thirteen Cardinals abstained from appearing. Of the fourteen, eleven were present: one was ill, and two, seized with tardy misgiving, said they were.

Monday, the 2d of April, had been fixed for the triumphal entrance of the sovereigns into Paris, and for the religious marriage in the chapel of the Tuileries. A successful representation of the Arch of Triumph was made; afterwards reproduced in the one at the top of the Champs Elysées. Napoleon passed under it, with Marie-Louise at his side, in a carriage that afforded a fair view of both to the spectators. Arrived at the gate of the Tuileries, on the Place de la Concorde, they alighted, and he led her through the gardens

till they arrived at the chapel of the Palace, prepared for the nuptial ceremony.

It was crowded densely, and many more persons longed to enter, but there were thirteen vacant seats !

It had been hoped that Fouché's words would produce some effect, and that the thirteen Cardinals might, at least, be induced to attend the religious marriage. Their seats had been left up to the last moment ; but as Napoleon drew near, they were hastily removed. His eye, however, fell immediately on the group of Cardinals, always conspicuous from their red costume, and as he marked the smallness of their number, anger flashed from his countenance.

Indeed only twelve Cardinals, including Fesch, were present. One was really too ill to go, and two others, as before, pretended sickness. But, as they wrote to this effect, they were considered as absent from accident. And they encouraged this version.

During both these days and nights, the thirteen remained at home, carefully abstaining, as became their position, from all semblance of participation in any rejoicings.

On the morrow was to take place the final ceremony of presentation to both sovereigns, seated on their thrones. All the Cardinals went, and, according to injunction, in full costume. Two hours passed waiting for the doors of the throne-room to be opened.

Then the stream began to move towards the spot in the middle of the grand gallery that connects the Tuileries with the Louvre, where Napoleon and Marie-Louise were seated on their respective thrones, surrounded by the members of the imperial family and officers of state.

The crowd entered slowly, one by one, according to the rule of precedence prescribed, and each individual stopping before the throne, made a profound obeisance, passing out afterwards by the door of the saloon beyond.

In conformity with French etiquette at that time, the senators were first introduced ; and Fesch had the littleness to go in with them, rather than with the Sacred College. After these followed the councillors of state and the legislative body, and then came the turn of the Cardinals. But at this moment, Napoleon, with imperious gesture, beckoned an officer towards him, and gave a hasty order, to have all the Cardinals who had not been present at the marriage immediately expelled from the antechamber, as he should not condescend to receive them. The messenger was precipitately quitting the hall, when Napoleon, with rapid change of thought, called him back, and ordered that only Cardinals Opizzoni and Consalvi should be turned out. But the officer, confused, did not clearly seize this second order,

and imagining that the two Cardinals named were to be more particularly designated, acted accordingly.

The scene that followed may be conceived. It rises up vividly. The order for expulsion was as publicly intimated, as it had been publicly given; and scores of eager eyes turned on the thirteen culprits, so ignominiously dismissed. The report of what was coming, got whispered from hall to hall, and flew on to the numerous groups that thronged even the vestibule and staircase; if the buzz ceased, as the Cardinals drew near, it followed swiftly on their receding steps, while they traversed each apartment. Friends began to tremble for their personal safety: the bloody tragedy of Vincennes rose up in remembrance to many an anxious heart.

Their equipages had disappeared in the confusion of the day. The Parisian crowd were astounded that morning to mark thirteen rich scarlet dresses wending about in search of conveyances or homes.

Within the palace meanwhile, precedence, contrary to custom, had been given the ministers; but after them, the other Cardinals were at length introduced. As each, in turn, drew near the thrones, and, not feeling very pleasantly we may believe, made his respectful salutation, Napoleon was giving way to a rapid flow of violent language. Sometimes he addressed the Empress, or sometimes those standing near. The Sacred College, as a body, came in for its share of abuse; but two Cardinals were special objects of reproachful epithets. "He might spare the others," said Napoleon, "as obstinate theologians full of prejudice; but Cardinals Consalvi and Opizzoni he never could forgive." Opizzoni was ungrateful, owing, as he did, to him (Napoleon) the Archbishopric of Bologna, and the cardinal's hat; but Consalvi was the most guilty of all. "Consalvi," cried the Emperor, warming as he went on, "does not act from theological prejudice: he is incapable of that; but he hates me for having caused his fall from the ministry. And this is now his revenge. He is a deep politician, and he seeks now to lay a subtle snare, whereby hereafter to attack the legitimacy of a future heir to the throne."

Marie-Louise, accustomed to the stately etiquette of Austria, must have been rather surprised at this outburst. Perhaps her own destiny, as bride of that crowned soldier of fortune, did not then look quite so brilliant to her. It is easy to fancy courtiers around with their varied shades of amaze, horror, and fear at such delinquency, and its consequences, painted on their faces.

Consalvi tells us in his memoir on the marriage, and also in that of his private life, that the fury of Napoleon on the day of the religious ceremony had been so intense, that on coming out from chapel

he actually ordered three Cardinals to be shot, afterwards confining the sentence to Consalvi alone. And the Cardinal each time says that he probably owed his life to the intervention of Fouché.

But in a note which M. Crétineau-Joly mentions as detached from the memoirs, Consalvi writes thus of Napoleon: "In his fits of anger,—often more feigned than real, especially at first,—he would threaten to have persons shot, as he frequently did with regard to myself; but I am persuaded that he never would have signed the order for execution. More than once I have heard his devoted followers and intimate confidants relate that the murder of the Duke d'Enghien had been a surprise rather than a deliberate act of will. I should not be astonished at the truth of this, for it was a useless crime, leaving only shame and remorse, which Bonaparte might easily have spared himself."

The contradiction in these passages is remarkable. M. Crétineau-Joly does not give the date of the note, so we are reduced to conjecture. It seems likely to have been written at a later period, when the downfall of Napoleon would naturally call forth from Consalvi the deepest charity and most lenient interpretations. The two memoirs, it will be remembered, were penned during the Cardinal's captivity at Rheims.

The day after their expulsion, those among the Cardinals who were Bishops had orders to resign their sees immediately, under pain of imprisonment. They signed the deed as required, but with the proviso of the Pope's consent. At eight o'clock on the same evening each one received a short note from the Minister of Public Worship, enjoining him to wait upon that functionary in an hour's time, for the purpose of hearing the Emperor's orders.

The whole thirteen met in the minister's antechamber, and were introduced together to his cabinet. Fouché was with him, and from a kindly intention, says Consalvi. Both seemed grieved at the business they had to transact.

As soon as Fouché perceived Consalvi, he exclaimed,

"Ah, Cardinal, I warned you the consequences would be terrible. What pains me most is that you should be of the number."

Consalvi thanked him for his sympathy, but said he was prepared for all that might follow.

The thirteen were then made to sit down in a circle, and the Minister of Public Worship began a long discourse, which could not much have benefited the culprits, as only three understood French. The substance of it was that they had committed a state crime, and were guilty of treason, having conspired against the Emperor. The proof of this lay in the secrecy they had observed towards him (the

minister) and towards the other Cardinals. They ought to have spoken to him as their superior, and he would have enlightened them with regard to their erroneous idea of the privative right belonging to the Pope in matrimonial cases between sovereigns. Their crime, he said, might have the most serious consequences on the public tranquillity, unless the Emperor succeeded in obviating them; for their mode of acting had tended to nothing less than to cast doubts on the legitimacy of the succession to the throne. He concluded by declaring that the Emperor, judging the Cardinals to be rebels guilty of conspiracy, had ordered them to be informed:

1. That they were from that moment deprived of all their property, ecclesiastical and patrimonial, for the sequestration of which measures had been already taken.

2. That his majesty no longer considered them as Cardinals, and forbade them henceforth to wear any ensigns of that dignity.

3. That his majesty reserved to himself the right of afterwards deciding with regard to their persons.

And the minister gave them to understand that a criminal action would be brought against some.

Even going back as fully as we can to the ideas of the times, there is something equally startling and absurd in the notion of a lay minister of state undertaking to enlighten princes of the Church on matters of canon law, coolly naming himself as their superior, and treating them to a long homily on their duties and misdemeanours. The same pretensions are doubtless reproduced in all revolutionary times; but still the absurdity strikes us forcibly as we read this account.

Consalvi replied, that they were erroneously accused of conspiracy and rebellion—crimes unworthy of the purple, and also of their individual characters. No secret, he said, had been made of their opinion to the other Cardinals, though it had been expressed without seeking to gain proselytes. If they had not communicated with the minister, they had nevertheless spoken quite openly to Cardinal Fesch, their own colleague and the Emperor's uncle, begging him to lay their determination, founded solely on motives of conscience, before Napoleon. Consalvi also explained how they endeavoured to avoid all the blame now laid to their charge by requesting partial invitations, which request, if complied with, would have prevented their views from being made public. The other two Cardinals who could speak French likewise expressed themselves in similar terms.

Both ministers appeared convinced, and, regretting the Emperor had not himself heard their defence, suggested that they should write it out for his perusal. No difficulty was made in complying with this

proposal. The ministers then said that the Cardinals must not, however, bring forward the real motive of their absence, namely, the Pope's right, as that was just what irritated Napoleon; but lay the cause to sickness, or some excuse of that kind. The Cardinals declined taking this course, as incompatible with their duty.

Here we must remark that the whole scene appears to us got up to make them yield at last; but Consalvi, ever charitable, says not a word to that effect.

One of the ministers then tried to make out a draft of a letter for the Emperor that should be satisfactory to both parties; and one of the Cardinals had the imprudence to copy these rough sketches, for the purpose of comparing them and seeing afterwards what could be done. The minister insisted much on having the paper then and there drawn up, as Napoleon was going to travel, and would leave Paris immediately. But Consalvi, pleading his colleagues' ignorance of the French language, succeeded at length in obtaining consent for them to retire together and deliberate among themselves.

It was eleven o'clock when they withdrew; and some of the Cardinals had the further imprudence to assure the ministers that the expressions used by the latter had been faithfully copied.

As soon as Consalvi was alone with his colleagues and could speak freely, he showed them the full meaning of the French terms suggested, and the impropriety, to say the least, of using them. All agreed to hold staunchly to their duty. But now appeared the further difficulty, created by having copied the ministers' words, which it would thus be impossible to seem to forget. Fouché was to see Napoleon soon after leaving them, and would doubtless hasten to assure him that the Cardinals were writing a letter conformable to his wishes. Thus Napoleon, prepared for submission, would give way to tenfold anger on finding the reverse.

The letter was dictated by conscience alone, but its expressions were as much as possible tempered by prudence. Every word was carefully weighed; and five hours passed in drawing it up. By its tenor, they sought to exculpate themselves from all suspicion of revolt and treason, saying that the real cause of their absence was because the Pope was excluded from the matter; that they had not pretended thereby to institute themselves judges, or cast any doubts among the public either on the validity of the first marriage, or the legitimacy of the children that might follow the second. In conclusion, they assured Napoleon of their submission and obedience, without making any request for the restoration of their property or their purple. The thirteen signed by order of seniority in the cardinalate.

Cardinal Littà immediately conveyed this document to the minis-

ter of public worship, who pronounced himself tolerably satisfied. But Napoleon quitted Paris the next day sooner than had been anticipated, and without giving the audience to the minister which had been agreed on. Consequently the latter could not give the letter then, and he informed the Cardinals that they must therefore conform to the orders already received. Accordingly they laid aside the ensigns of their dignity, and hence arose the designation of *black* and *red* Cardinals. Their property was immediately confiscated, and their revenues, contrary to custom, were thrown into the public treasury.

After a short excursion in the Netherlands, Napoleon returned to Paris. Meanwhile the Cardinals had put down their carriages, and hired more modest abodes better suited to their fallen fortunes. Contradictory rumours were afloat abroad as to their fate. Two months and a half passed ere any change took place.

But on the 10th of June each Cardinal received a note from the minister of public worship, appointing a time for him to call; two Cardinals being designated for each successive hour. Cardinals Consalvi and Brancadoro were those summoned for the first hour. When they reached his cabinet, the minister informed them that they were to set out for Rheims in twenty-four hours, and to remain there until further orders should be given. Passports were in readiness. All the other Cardinals successively received a similar sentence; the only difference lay in the place of abode. They were exiled by twos, and care was taken to separate those supposed to be intimate. The minister offered to each Cardinal fifty louis for the expenses of his journey; some accepted, and others declined; Consalvi being among the latter. Soon after their arrival in the towns designated, each Cardinal had an intimation from the minister that a monthly pension of 250*fr.* would be duly paid. Consalvi refused to profit by this allowance, and he thinks the others did the same. On the 10th of January 1811, both he and his companion received a note from the subprefect of Rheims, requesting them to call and give information on certain orders that had arrived from the supreme authority in Paris. The two Cardinals went. The subprefect then informed them that he was required to ask what sums they had received for their subsistence since their exile at Rheims, through what conveyance or persons, from whom, and to what amount. Consalvi was able to answer that he had not accepted a penny from any one. "But how then do you live, since the government has seized all your property?" "My banker at Rome sends the necessary sums through his correspondent at Paris. Under other circumstances I would have borrowed from my friends."

This measure of the government was caused by irritation on learning that charitable persons had united to make up a general fund every month for the support of the Cardinals, and it was wished to put a stop to the proceeding. Consalvi concludes the memoirs of his private life about this time, expressing a fear that the business mentioned above will not end with the interrogatory, but may bring about disastrous consequences. He also says, "We live in exile; foregoing all society, as becomes our situation and that of the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff our head. The red Cardinals, I am told, remain in Paris, and go much in the world, but are not esteemed for their late conduct."

It is curious to contrast with the preceding account the manner in which M. Thiers disposes of this same episode. "On the day of the Emperor's marriage," says that historian, "thirteen out of twenty-eight Cardinals failed to be present at the ceremony. The motive which they dared not assign, but which it was desired to make the public understand, was that, without the Pope, Napoleon could not divorce, and thence the first marriage still subsisting, the second was irregular. This motive was unfounded, since no divorce had taken place (for in effect divorce being forbidden by the Church, could only have been pronounced by the Pope), but simply annulment of the marriage with Josephine, pronounced by the ordinary after all the degrees of ecclesiastical jurisdiction had been exhausted."*

In reality, however, this conduct of the thirteen Cardinals acting in conformity with their head, Pope Pius VII., though cut off from all communication with him, was the protest of the Church against temporal despotism in things spiritual. The Church was in chains, but God had left her a living voice to proclaim her rights. Consalvi never for one instant quits his ground—the Church's right of judgment—to give a shadow of personal opinion on the matter in question. It is a fine spectacle also to see him with his few colleagues, deserted by so many of their own body, quietly discussing what degree of excommunication Napoleon had incurred, whether all contact was forbidden, while they inhabited his very capital, and knew well the stern nature of that inexorable will.

The black Cardinals continued to inhabit their different places of exile until Napoleon, working on the weakness and the affections of the aged Pontiff, drew from him that semblance of a second Concordat dated the 25th of January 1813. Then, restored to liberty, they hastened to the feet of Pius VII.; and found him overwhelmed

* M. Thiers here falls into a grave error: divorce being contrary to the law of God, no Pope can pronounce one. The question was whether Josephine were lawfully married or not.

with grief at the concessions he had made, at what he called his guilt. Truly he had but yielded in his feebleness to the unceasing persuasions of the red Cardinals, backed by Napoleon's promises in favour of the Church, and to the charm exercised by that mighty genius when he stooped to court affection. The proviso made, that the new Concordat, to become binding, should first be submitted to the Sacred College assembled, happily afforded the opportunity of annulling it. That was fully and worthily done by the Papal letter addressed to the Emperor on the 24th of March following.

When the course of events in Europe brought about such a change in his own position, Napoleon, still powerful notwithstanding, began to wish for a reconciliation with the Holy See. On the 23d of January 1816, Pius VII. was allowed to set out for Rome, restored to his paternal sovereignty. Strangely, however, Consalvi was not permitted to accompany him. He received instead a note from the minister of public worship informing him that orders would shortly be transmitted concerning himself, the execution of which admitted neither appeal nor yet delay.

And accordingly two days after the Pope's departure a letter came from the Duc de Rovigo, minister of police, telling Consalvi that he was condemned to another exile in the town of Béziers, and was to set out immediately for that destination in the strictest incognito, and escorted during the whole journey by an officer of gendarmerie.

Nothing more is said of this incident. Consalvi does not carry his memoirs beyond 1812. Two notes found among his correspondence, and signed by the functionaries above named, reveal the orders for this second exile. Napoleon abdicated on the 4th of April 1816. On the 19th of May, in the same year, Pius VII. officially recalled Consalvi to his office of secretary of state.

Thus did Providence terminate the struggle between the spiritual and temporal powers; thus closed for Consalvi the exile consequent on his opposition to the imperial marriage.

On the very day that restored Consalvi to his councils, Pius VII. learned that all the nations of Europe refused to receive within their territories the proscribed family of Napoleon. Rome opened her gates.

Madame Mère, as she was called, the mother of Napoleon, wrote thus to Consalvi, 27th May 1818:

"I wish and I ought to thank your Eminence for all you have done in our favour since the burden of exile has fallen on my children and myself. My brother Cardinal Fesch did not leave me ignorant of the generous way in which you received the request of *mon grand a*

malheureux proscrit de St. Hélène. He said that on learning the Emperor's prayer, so just and so Christian, you had hastened to interpose with the English government, and to seek out priests both worthy and able. I am truly the mother of sorrows; and the only consolation left me is to know that the Holy Father forgets the past, and remembers solely his affection for us, which he testifies to all the members of my family.

"My sons, Lucian and Louis, who are proud of your unchanging friendship towards them, have been much touched likewise by all that the Pope and your Eminence have done, unknown to us, to preserve our tranquillity when menaced by the different powers of Europe. We find support and an asylum in the Pontifical states only; and our gratitude is as great as the benefit. I beg your Eminence to place the expression of it at the feet of the holy Pontiff, Pius VII. I speak in the name of all my proscribed family, and especially in the name of him now dying by inches on a desert rock. His Holiness and your Eminence are the only persons in Europe who endeavour to soften his misfortunes, or who would abridge their duration. I thank you both with a mother's heart,—and remain always, Eminence, yours very devotedly and most gratefully,

"MADAME."

Another letter, from the ex-king of Holland, father of the present Emperor of the French, addressed to Cardinal Consalvi, still further demonstrates the charity shown by Rome, and suggests many reflections. With these extracts from Consalvi's correspondence as a sequel, we shall close our episode of the imperial marriage; the circumstances they recall form a not uninteresting commentary on an event that seemed to place Napoleon at such a high point of worldly greatness.

"EMINENCE,—Following the advice of the Holy Father and of your Eminence, I have seen Mgr. Bernetti, who is specially charged with the affair in question; and he, with his usual frankness, explained the nature of the complaints made by foreign powers against the family of the Emperor Napoleon. The great powers, and principally England, reproach us with always conspiring. They accuse us of being mixed up, implicitly or explicitly, with all the plots in existence; they even pretend that we abuse the hospitality granted us by the Pope to foment divisions in the Pontifical states, and stir up hatred against the august person of the sovereign.

"I was fortunately able to furnish Mgr. Bernetti with proofs to the contrary; and he will himself tell you the effect produced on his mind by my words. If the Emperor's family, owing so much to

Pope Pius VII. and to your Eminence, had conceived the detestable design of disturbing Europe, and if it had the means of so doing, the gratitude that we all feel towards the Holy See would evidently arrest us on such a course. My mother, brothers, sisters, and uncle owe too much respectful gratitude to the Sovereign Pontiff and to your Eminence to draw down new disasters on this city, where, while proscribed by the whole of Europe, we have been received and sheltered with a paternal goodness rendered yet more touching by past injustice. We are not conspiring against any one, and still less against God's representative on earth. We enjoy in Rome all the rights of citizens; and when my mother learned in what a Christian manner the Pope and your Eminence were avenging the captivity of Fontainebleau and the exile of Rheims, she could only bless you in the name of her *grand et malheureux mort*, shedding sweet tears for the first time since the disasters of 1814.

"To conspire against our august and sole benefactor would be an infamy that has no name. The family of Bonaparte will never merit such a reproach. I convinced Mgr. Bernetti of it, and he will himself be our surety with your Eminence. Deign then to listen to his words, and to grant us the continuance of your favour, together with the protection of the Holy Father.—In this hope, I am, Eminence, your very respectful and most devoted servant and friend,

"L. DE SAINT-LEU.

"Rome, 30th Sept. 1821."

V. V.

Saints of the Desert.

No. I.

1. Abbot Antony said: The days are coming when men will go mad; and, when they meet a man who has kept his senses, they will rise up against him, saying, "You are mad, because you are not like us."

2. While Arsenius was still employed in the imperial court, he asked of God to lead him in the way by which he might be saved.

Then a voice came to him: "Arsenius, flee the company of men, and thou art in that saving way."

3. Abbot Agatho said: Unless a man begin with the observance of the Precepts, he will not make progress in any one virtue.

4. Abbot Ammonas said: Such be thy thought as that of malefactors in prison. For they are ever asking, "Where is the judge? and when is he coming?" and they bewail themselves at the prospect.

5. Holy Epiphanius said: To sinners who repent God remits even the principal; but from the just He exacts interest.

6. Abbot Sylvanus had an ecstasy: and, coming to himself, he wept bitterly.

"What is it, my father?" said a novice to him.

He made answer: Because I was carried up to the Judgment, O my son, and I saw many of our kind going off to punishment, and many a secular passing into the kingdom.

7. An old man said: If you see a youngster mounting up to heaven at his own will, catch him by the foot, and fling him to the earth; for such a flight doth not profit.

J. H. N.

The Mystery of the Thatched House.

It was a clean, bright, wholesome, thoroughly lovable house. The first time I saw it, I fell in love with it, and wanted to live in it at once. It fascinated me. When I crossed its threshold, I felt as if I had opened a book whose perusal promised enchantment. I felt a passionate longing to have been born here, to have been expected by the brown old watchful walls for years before it had been my turn to exist in the world. I felt despoiled of my rights; because there was here a hoard of wealth, which I might not touch, placed just beyond the reach of my hand. I was tantalised; because the secrets of a sweetly odorous past hung about the shady corners, and the sunny window-frames, and the grotesque hearth-places; and their breath was no more to me than the scent of dried rose-leaves.

It was my fault that we bought the Thatched House. We wanted a country home; and, hearing that this was for sale, we drove many miles one showery April morning to view the place, and judge if it might suit our need. Aunt Featherstone objected to it from the first, and often boasted of her own sagacity in doing so, after the Thatched House had proved itself an incubus; a dreadful Old Man of the Mountains, not to be shaken from our necks. I once was bold enough to tell her that temper, and not sagacity, was the cause of her dislike that April morning. We drove in an open phaeton, and Aunt Featherstone got some drops of rain on her new silk dress. Consequently she was out of humour with every thing, and vehemently pronounced her veto upon the purchase of the Thatched House.

I was a spoiled girl, however; and I thought it hard that I might not have my way in this matter as in every thing else. As we drove along a lonely road, across a wild open country, I had worshipped the broken, gold-edged rain-clouds, and the hills, with their waving lines of light and their soft trailing shadows. I had caught the shower in my face, and laughed; and dried my limp curls with my pocket-handkerchief. I was disposed to love every thing I saw, and clapped my hands when we stopped before the sad-looking old gates, with their mossy brick pillars, and their iron arms folded across, as if mournfully forbidding inquiry into some long hushed-up and forgotten mystery. When we swept along the silent avenue my heart leaped up in greeting to the grand old trees, that rose towering freshly at every curve, spreading their masses of green foliage right and left, and flinging showers of diamond drops to the ground when-

ever the breeze lifted the tresses of a drowsy bough, or a bird poised its slender weight upon a twig, and then shot off sudden into the blue.

Aunt Featherstone exclaimed against the house the very moment we came in sight of it. It was not the sort of thing we wanted at all, she said. It had not got a modern porch, and it was all nooks and angles on the outside. The lower windows were too long and narrow, and the upper ones too small, and pointing up above the eaves in that old-fashioned inconvenient manner. To crown its absurdities, the roof was thatched. No, no, Aunt Featherstone said, it was necessary for such old houses to exist for the sake of pictures and romances; but as for people of common sense going to live in them, that was out of the question.

I left her still outside with her eye-glass levelled at the chimneys, and darted into the house to explore. An old woman preceded me with a jingling bunch of keys, unlocking all the doors, throwing open the shutters and letting the long levels of sunshine fall over the uncarpeted floors. It was all delicious, I thought; the long dining-room with its tall windows opening like doors upon the broad gravel, the circular drawing-room with its stained-glass roofing, the double flights of winding stairs, the roomy passages, the numerous chambers of all shapes and sizes opening one out of another, and chasing each other from end to end of the house; and above all, the charming old rustic balcony, running round the waist of the building like a belt, and carrying one, almost quick as a bird could fly, from one of those dear old pointed windows under the eaves, down amongst the flower-beds below.

I said to myself in my own wilful way, "This Thatched House must be my home!" and then I set about coaxing Aunt Featherstone into my way of thinking. It was not at all against her will that she completed the purchase at last. Afterwards, however, she liked to think that it was so.

In May it was all settled. The house was filled with painters and paper-hangers, and all through the long summer months they kept on making a mess within the walls, and forbidding us to enter and enjoy the place in the full glorious luxuriance of its summer beauty. At last, on driving there one bright evening, I found to my joy that the workmen had decamped; leaving the Thatched House clean and fresh and gay, ready for the reception of us, and our goods and chattels. I sprang in through one of the open dining-room windows, and began waltzing round the floor from sheer delight. Pausing at last for breath, I saw that the old woman who took care of the place, she who had on my first visit opened the shutters for me and jingled

her keys, had entered the room while I danced, and was standing watching me from the doorway with a queer expression on her wrinkled face.

"Ah, ha! Nelly," I cried triumphantly, "what do you think of the old house now?"

Nelly shook her gray head, and shot me a weird look out of her small black eyes. Then she folded her arms slowly, and gazed all round the room musingly, while she said,

"Ay, Miss Lucy! wealth can do a deal, but there's things it can't do. All that the hand of man may do to make this place wholesome to live in has been done. Dance and sing now, pretty lady,—now, while you have the heart and courage. The day 'll come when you'd as soon think of sleepin' all night on a tombstone as of standin' on this floor alone after sunset."

"Good gracious, Nelly!" I cried, "what do you mean? Is it possible that there is any thing—have you heard or seen—?"

"I have heard and seen plenty," was Nelly's curt reply.

Just then, a van arriving with the first instalment of our household goods, the old woman vanished; and not another word could I wring that evening from her puckered lips. Her words haunted me, and I went home with my mirth considerably sobered; and dreamed all night of wandering up and down that long dining-room in the dark, and seeing dimly horrible faces grinning at me from the walls. This was only the first shadow of the trouble that came upon us in the Thatched House.

It came by degrees in nods and whispers, and stories told in lowered tones by the fireside at night. The servants got possession of a rumour, and the rumour reached me. I shuddered in silence, and contrived for the first few months to keep it a jealous secret from my unsuspecting aunt. For the house was ours, and Aunt Featherstone was timorous; and the rumour, very horrible, was this—the Thatched House was haunted.

Haunted, it was said, by a footstep, which every night, at a certain hour, went down the principal corridor, distinctly audible as it passed the doors, descended the staircase, traversed the hall, and ceased suddenly at the dining-room door. It was a heavy unshod foot, and walked rather slowly. All the servants could describe it minutely, though none could avow that they had positively heard it. New editions of this story were constantly coming out, and found immediate circulation. To each of these was added some fresh harrowing sequel, illustrative of the manners and customs of a certain shadowy inhabitant, who was said to have occupied the Thatched House all through the dark days of its past emptiness and desolation,

and who resented fiercely the unwelcome advent of us flesh-and-blood intruders. The tradition of this lonely shade was as follows: The builder and first owner of the Thatched House was an elderly man; wealthy, wicked, and feared. He had married a gentle young wife, whose heart had been broken before she consented to give him her hand. He was cruel to her, using her harshly, and leaving her solitary in the lonely house for long winter weeks and months together, till she went mad with brooding over her sorrows, and died a maniac. Goaded with remorse, he had shut-up the house and fled the country. Since then different people had fancied the beautiful romantic old dwelling, and made an attempt to live in it; but they said that the sorrowful lady would not yield up her right to any new comer. It had been her habit, when alive, to steal down stairs at night, when she could not sleep for weeping, and to walk up and down the dining-room, wringing her hands, till the morning dawned; and now, though her coffin was nailed, and her grave green, and though her tears ought to have been long since blown from her eyes like rain on the wind, still the unhappy spirit would not quit the scene of her former wretchedness, but paced the passage, and trod the stairs, and traversed the hall night after night, as of old. At the dining-room door the step was said to pause; and up and down the dreary chamber a wailing ghost was believed to flit, wringing its hands, till the morning dawned.

It was not till the summer had departed that I learned this story.

As long as the sun shone, and the roses bloomed, and the nightingales sang about the windows till midnight, I tried hard to shut my ears to the memory of old Nelly's hint, and took good care not to mention it to my aunt. If the servants looked mysterious, I would not see them; if they whispered together, it was nothing to me. There was so short a time for the stars to shine, between the slow darkening of the blue sky at night and the early quickening of flowers and birds and rosy beams at dawn, that there was literally no space for the accommodation of ghosts. So long as the summer lasted, the Thatched House was a dwelling of sunshine and sweet odours and bright fancies for me. It was different, however, when a wintry sky closed in around us, when solitary leaves dangled upon shivering boughs, and when the winds began to shudder at the windows, all through the long dark nights. Then I took fear to my heart, and wished that I had never seen the Thatched House.

Then it was that my ears became gradually open to the dreadful murmurs that were rife in the house; then it was that I learned the story of the weeping lady, and of her footstep on the stairs. Of course I would not believe, though the thumping of my heart, if I

chanced to cross a landing, even by twilight, belied the courage of which I boasted. I forbade the servants to hint at such folly as the existence of ghosts, and warned them, at their peril not to let a whisper of the kind disturb my aunt. On the latter point I believe they did their best to obey me.

Aunt Featherstone was a dear old cross, good-natured, crotchety, kind-hearted lady, who was always needing to be coaxed. She considered herself an exceedingly strong-minded person, whereas she was in reality one of the most nervous women I have ever known. I verily believed that, if she had known that story of the footstep, she would have made up her mind to hear it distinctly every night, and would have been found some morning stone-dead in her bed with fear. Therefore, as long as it was possible, I kept the dreadful secret from her ears. This was in reality, however, a much shorter space of time than I had imagined it to be.

About the middle of November Aunt Featherstone noticed that I was beginning to look very pale, to lose my appetite, and to start and tremble at the most commonplace sounds. The truth was, that the long nights of terror which passed over my head, in my pretty sleeping-room off the ghost's corridor, were wearing-out my health and spirits, and threatening to throw me into a fever; and yet neither sight nor sound of the supernatural had ever disturbed my rest,—none worth recording, that is; for of course, in my paroxysms of wakeful fear, I fancied a thousand horrible revelations. Night after night I lay in agony, with my ears distended for the sound of the footstep. Morning after morning I awakened, weary and jaded, after a short unsatisfying sleep, and resolved that I would confess to my aunt, and implore her to fly from the place at once. But, when seated at the breakfast-table, my heart invariably failed me. I accounted, by the mention of a headache, for my pale cheeks, and kept my secret.

Some weeks passed, and then I in my turn began to observe that Aunt Featherstone had grown exceedingly dull in spirits. "Can any one have told her the secret of the Thatched House?" was the question I quickly asked myself. But the servants denied having broken their promise; and I had reason to think that there had been of late much less gossip on the subject than formerly. I was afraid to risk questioning the dear old lady, and so I could only hope and surmise. But I was dull, and Aunt Featherstone was dull, and the Thatched House was dreary. Things went on in this way for some time, and at last a dreadful night arrived. I had been for a long walk during the day; and had gone to bed rather earlier than usual, and fallen asleep quickly. For about two hours I slept, and then I was

roused suddenly by a slight sound, like the creaking of a board, just outside my door. With the instinct of fear I started up, and listened intently. A watery moon was shining into my room, revealing the pretty blue-and-white furniture, the pale statuettes, and the various little dainty ornaments with which I had been pleased to surround myself in this my chosen sanctuary. I sat up shuddering and listened. I pressed my hands tightly over my heart, to try and keep its throbbing from killing me; for distinctly, in the merciless stillness of the winter night, I heard the tread of a stealthy footstep on the passage outside my room. Along the corridor it crept, down the staircase it went, and was lost in the hall below.

I shall never forget the anguish of fear in which I passed the remainder of that wretched night. While cowering into my pillow, I made up my mind to leave the Thatched House as soon as the morning broke, and never to enter it again. I had heard of people whose hair had grown gray in a single night, of grief or terror. When I glanced in the looking-glass at dawn, I almost expected to see a white head upon my own shoulders.

During the next day I, as usual, failed of courage to speak to my aunt. I desired one of the maids to sleep on the couch in my room, keeping this arrangement a secret. The following night I felt some little comfort from the presence of a second person near me; but the girl soon fell asleep. Lying awake in fearful expectation, I was visited by a repetition of the previous night's horror. I heard the footstep a second time.

I suffered secretly in this way for about a week. I had become so pale and nervous, that I was only like a shadow of my former self. Time hung wretchedly upon my hands. I only prized the day inasmuch as it was a respite from the night; the appearance of twilight coming on at evening invariably threw me into an ague-fit of shivering. I trembled at a shadow; I screamed at a sudden noise. My aunt groaned over me, and sent for the doctor.

I said to him, "Doctor, I am only a little moped. I have got a bright idea for curing myself. You must prescribe me a schoolfellow."

Hereupon Aunt Featherstone began to ride off on her old hobby about the loneliness, the unhealthiness, and total objectionableness of the Thatched House, bewailing her own weakness in having allowed herself to be forced into buying it. She never mentioned the word "haunted," though I afterwards knew that at the very time, and for some weeks previously, she had been in full possession of the story of the nightly footstep. The doctor recommended me a complete change of scene; but instead of taking advantage of this, I asked for a companion at the Thatched House.

The prescription I had begged for was written in the shape of a note to Ada Rivers, imploring her to come to me at once. "Do come now," I wrote; "I have a mystery for you to explore. I will tell you about it when we meet." Having said so much, I knew that I should not be disappointed.

Ada Rivers was a tall robust girl, with the whitest teeth, the purest complexion, and the clearest laugh, I have ever met with in the world. To be near her made one feel healthier both in body and mind. She was one of those lively, fearless people who love to meet a morbid horror face to face, and put it to rout. When I wrote to her, "Do come, for I am sick," I was pretty sure she would obey the summons; but when I added, "I have a mystery for you to explore," I was convinced of her compliance beyond the possibility of a doubt.

It wanted just one fortnight of Christmas-day when Ada arrived at the Thatched House. For some little time beforehand, I had busied myself so pleasantly in making preparations that I had almost forgotten the weeping lady, and had not heard the footstep for two nights. And when on the first evening of her arrival, Ada stepped into the haunted dining-room in her trim flowing robe of crimson cashmere, with her dark hair bound closely round her comely head, and her bright eyes clear with that frank unwavering light of theirs, I felt as if her wholesome presence had banished dread at once, and that ghosts could surely never harbour in the same house with her free step and genial laugh.

"What is the matter with you?" said Ada, putting her hands on my shoulders, and looking in my face. "You look like a changeling, you little white thing! When shall I get leave to explore your mystery?"

"To-night," I whispered, and looking round me quickly, shuddered. We were standing on the hearth before the blazing fire, on the very spot where that awful footstep would pass and re-pass through the long dark unhappy hours after our lights had been extinguished, and our heads laid upon our pillows.

Ada laughed at me and called me a little goose; but I could see that she was wild with curiosity, and eager for bedtime to arrive. I had arranged that we should both occupy my room, in order that if there was any thing to be heard, Ada might hear it. "And now what is all this that I have to learn?" said she, after our door had been fastened for the night, and we sat looking at one another with our dressing-gowns upon our shoulders.

As I had expected, a long ringing laugh greeted the recital of my doleful tale. "My dear Lucy!" cried Ada, "my poor sick little

moped Lucy, you surely don't mean to say that you believe in such vulgar things as ghosts?"

"But I cannot help it!" I said. "I have heard that footstep no less than seven times, and the proof of it is, that I am ill. If you were to sleep alone in this room every night for a month, you would get sick too."

"Not a bit of it!" said Ada, stoutly; and she sprang up and walked about the chamber. "To think of getting discontented with this pretty room, this exquisite little nest! No, I engage to sleep here every night for a month—alone, if you please—and at the end of that time, I shall not only be still in perfect health, my unromantic self, but I promise to have cured you, you little absurd imaginative thing! And now let us get to bed without another word on the subject. 'Talking it over,' in cases of this kind, always does a vast amount of mischief."

Ada always meant what she said. In half an hour we were both in bed, without a further word having been spoken on the matter. So strengthened and reassured was I by her strong happy presence that, wearied out by the excitement of the day, I was quickly fast asleep. It was early morning when I awakened again, and the red frosty sun was rising above the trees. When I opened my eyes, the first object they met was Ada, sitting in the window, with her forehead against the pane, and her hands locked in her lap. She was very pale, and her brows were knit in perplexed thought. I had never seen her look so strangely before.

A swift thought struck me. I started up, and cried, "O Ada! forgive me for going to sleep so soon. *I know you have heard it.*"

She unknit her brows, rose from her seat and came and sat down on the bed beside me. "I cannot deny it," she said gravely; "*I have heard it.* Now tell me, Lucy, does your Aunt know any thing of all this?"

"I am not sure," I said; "I cannot be, because I am afraid to ask her. I rather think that she has heard some of the stories, and is anxiously trying to hide them from me, little thinking of what I have suffered here. She has been very dull lately, and repines constantly about the purchase of the house."

"Well," said Ada, "we must tell her nothing till we have sifted this matter to the bottom."

"Why, what are you going to do?" I asked, beginning to tremble.

"Nothing very dreadful, little coward!" she said, laughing, "only to follow the ghost if it passes our door to-night; I want to see what stuff it is made of. If it be a genuine spirit, it is time the

Thatched House were vacated for its more complete accommodation. If it be flesh and blood, it is time the trick were found out."

I gazed at Ada with feelings of mingled reverence and admiration. It was in vain that I tried to dissuade her from her wild purpose. She bade me hold my tongue, get up and dress, and think no more about ghosts till bedtime. I tried to be obedient; and all that day we kept strict silence on the dreadful subject, while our tongues and hands and (seemingly) our heads were kept busily occupied in helping to carry out Aunt Featherstone's thousand and one pleasant arrangements for the coming Christmas festivities.

During the morning, it happened that I often caught Ada with her eyes fixed keenly on Aunt Featherstone's face, especially when once or twice the dear old lady sighed profoundly, and the shadow of an unaccountable cloud settled down upon her troubled brows. Ada pondered deeply in the intervals of our conversation, though her merry comment and apt suggestion were always ready as usual when occasion seemed to call for them. I noticed also that she made excuses to explore rooms and passages, and found means to observe, and exchange words with, the servants. Ada's bright eyes were unusually wide open that day. For me, I hung about her like a mute, and dreaded the coming of the night.

Bedtime arrived too quickly; and when we were shut in together in our room, I implored Ada earnestly to give up the wild idea she had spoken of in the morning, and to lock fast the door, and let us try to go to sleep. Such praying, however, was useless. Ada had resolved upon a certain thing to do, and this being the case, Ada was the girl to do it.

We said our prayers, we set the door ajar, we extinguished our light, and we went to bed. An hour we lay awake, and heard nothing to alarm us. Another silent hour went past, and still the sleeping house was undisturbed. I had begun to hope that the night was going to pass by without accident, and had just commenced to doze a little and to wander into a confused dream, when a sudden squeezing of my hand, which lay in Ada's, startled me quickly into consciousness.

I opened my eyes; Ada was sitting erect in the bed, with her face set forward, listening, and her eyes fastened on the door. Half smothered with fear, I raised myself upon my elbow and listened too. Yes; oh, horror! there it was, the soft, heavy, unshod footstep going down the corridor outside the door. It paused at the top of the staircase, and began slowly descending to the bottom. "Ada!" I whispered, with a gasp. Her hand was damp with fear, and my face was drenched in a cold dew. "In God's name!" she sighed,

with a long-drawn breath; and then she crept softly from the bed, threw on her dressing-gown, and went swiftly away out of the already open door.

What I suffered in the next few minutes I could never describe, if I spent the remainder of my life in endeavouring to do so. I remember an interval of stupid horror; while leaning on my elbow in the bed, I gazed with a fearful, fascinated stare at the half-open door beside me. Then, through the silence of the night there came a cry.

It seemed to come struggling up through the flooring from the dining-room underneath. It sounded wild, suppressed, smothered, and was quickly hushed away into stillness again; but a horrible stillness, broken by fitful, confused murmurs. Unable to endure the suspense any longer, I sprang out of bed, rushed down the stairs, and found myself standing in the gray darkness of the winter's night, with rattling teeth, at the door of the haunted dining-room.

"Ada! Ada!" I sobbed out, in my shivering terror, and thrust my hand against the heavy panel. The door opened with me, I staggered in, and saw — a stout white figure sitting bolt upright in an armchair, and Ada standing quivering in convulsions of laughter by its side. I fell forward on the floor; but before I fainted quite, I heard a merry voice ringing through the darkness,

"Oh, Lucy! your Aunt Featherstone is the ghost!"

When I recovered my senses, I was lying in bed, with Ada and my aunt both watching by my side. The poor dear old lady had so brooded over the ghost-stories of the house, and so unselfishly denied herself the relief of talking them over with me, that, pressing heavily on her thoughts, they had unsettled her mind in sleep. Constantly ruminating on the terror of that ghostly walk, she had unconsciously risen night after night, and most cleverly accomplished it herself. Comparing dates, I found that she had learned the story of the spirit only a few days before the night on which I had first been terrified by the footstep.

The news of Aunt Featherstone's escapade flew quickly through the house. It caused so many laughs, that the genuine ghosts soon fell into ill-repute. The legend of the weeping lady's rambles became divested of its dignity, and grew therefore to be quite harmless. Ada and I laughed over our adventure every night during the rest of her stay, and entered upon our Christmas festivities with right good will. I have never forgotten to be grateful to Ada for that good service which she rendered me; and as for Aunt Featherstone, I must own that she never again said one word in disparagement of the Thatched House.

R. M.

The Beauty of the First Empire.

THE virtues of a nun or Sister of Charity are, for the most part, hidden from the world. The mass of men can but recognise the moral fitness and sublimity of the principles which have led to her devoting herself to a life of self-denial; but they cannot, except in rare instances, gain a close view of the beautiful character those principles and that life have formed. If there be one spectacle which, more than others, commands general admiration and respect, it is that of a woman endowed with singular charms of mind and body, moving in high station, and exposed to the most powerful temptations, yet maintaining, under circumstances equally varied and trying, a serene temper and an unspotted fame.

Such a woman was Julie Bernard, better known as Madame Récamier; and, when we consider the extraordinary political period in which she lived, the many conflicting parties and hostile individuals with whom she came in contact, the vexations she endured, and the cruel vicissitudes of fortune she underwent, we naturally ask from what secret source were derived such uniform sweetness, such invincible firmness, such lasting friendships, and such unrivalled influence over the hearts and wills of men. We ask this, and we delight in discovering that religion was her hidden strength; that it guided her more than those around her suspected, more than she was aware of herself; that it was more influential inwardly, because barely manifested on ordinary occasions. We love to see the enemies of Christianity taken by snare, enamoured of a character by reason of its natural beauty; yet finding at last that its loveliness is due, not merely to nature, but also to the nobler and less palpable charms of grace.

Julie Bernard was born at Lyons in 1777. She received her early education in a convent in that city, and retained through life a grateful remembrance of the lessons she received and the years she spent there. If, as one of her biographers tells us, the "incense, flowers, and ceremonies, by which the Church of Rome appeals so successfully to the feelings of the young and susceptible, charmed her imagination and lived fondly in her memory," we can only say, blessings be in ceremonies, flowers, and incense, if these—if aught that is earthly—can rivet in the mind truths that are divine. From this school of piety, Jean Bernard the notary, and his wife, took the

beautiful "Julie" to Paris, to complete her education. To cultivate her taste for music and dress was the first object of her vain and frivolous mother.

In April 1793, just three months after the execution of Louis XVI., she married M. Jaques Récamier, the son of a hosier at Lyons. There was a good deal of wealth in his family, and he had a talent for making more and spending it likewise. He was handsome, vain, jovial, and forty-two years of age: his bride was fifteen. He had always been very kind to her, and gave her all her finest dolls. She married him with the best will possible, and was quite sure he would always be very obliging. But a mystery involves their union, which none have satisfactorily penetrated. Her relation to him, from first to last, was simply filial. Many believed that she was his daughter; and if so, she would, of course, be the last to know it, and to publish her mother's disgrace. He had risen to great opulence in Paris, and the pretended marriage enabled him to secure his fortune to her in the event of his being guillotined. Madame M——, her biographer, accepts the story as true, and says that "it explains all the anomalies of her life."

As M. Récamier's wife, her position in society was fixed, if indeed society could be said to exist. The Reign of Terror had completely disorganised it; and the fair rich fascinating Madame Récamier, free from domestic cares, bourgeoisie by birth, aristocratic in tastes and manners, had full scope for exerting her extraordinary art of drawing people together, and uniting them in social harmony. Nor was this all. When the reaction began, when the churches were reopened, and multitudes, long debarred from the privileges of public worship, repaired to them again, she was requested to hold the plate, on one occasion, for a collection for the poor. The enormous sum of 20,000 francs was given; and this generosity was partly owing to Madame Récamier's extreme beauty and good example. Crowds climbed on chairs and columns to gaze on her; and the two gentlemen appointed to attend her could with difficulty prevent her being crushed to death. Long-champs was to Paris then what the Bois de Boulogne is now; and whenever she drove there, every eye watched her carriage as it moved at a foot's pace, and universal suffrage proclaimed her the fairest of the fair. In December 1797, when a fête was given to Bonaparte on his return from the campaign in Italy, she happened to stand up in the crowded court of the Luxembourg to get a better view of the young conqueror. Her whole figure was thus displayed, and called forth a burst of general admiration. Napoleon only darted a stern glance at the lovely being who dared involuntarily to divide public attention with himself.

Her *salon* at this time became the resort of all that was most intellectual, bravest, and highest in the capital. No distinctions were made either of party or principles. Society had to be reconstructed from its very foundations; and it was something to bring people to associate together without mutual suspicion, and with the outward show, at least, of friendship and good-will. From the house in the Rue du Mont Blanc, formerly tenanted by Necker, Madame Récamier removed to the Château de Clichy. Her husband still lived in Paris, but drove to dinner at Clichy every day. Here Lucien Bonaparte became a guest, and, under the name of Romeo, wrote grandiloquent love-letters to Juliette. The latter showed them to her husband, and proposed to forbid Romeo the house; but the easy banker dissuaded her earnestly from so impolitic a step. The brother of the First Consul was not a man to be affronted. She must, he said, be very civil to him, and grant nothing. She therefore allowed him to write his nonsense; and when, in despair, he requested his letters might be returned, she refused to restore them. He already encouraged scandal at her expense, and would have shown about his correspondence to the same end. Her virtue is now so fully established that it needs no vindication.

Another suitor, more powerful than Lucien, now arose to perplex and ultimately to embitter Madame Récamier's existence. At a grand dinner and concert, given by the Minister of the Interior to the First Consul, she spoke with Bonaparte for the first and last time. Her charms made a deep impression on his susceptible and selfish nature. He paid her marked attention, desired Fouché to repeat his expressions of admiration and regard, fixed his gaze on her during the music, and chid her for not sitting next him. In 1805 he mounted the imperial throne, and still thought of the fascination which, by common consent, surrounded Madame Récamier's steps, and filled her circle with delight. Her château was in itself a court, where the nobles of France returned from emigration, and the parvenu dukes and generals of the Empire, were alike welcome. To absorb her into his own interests, and, by the sacrifice of her good name, to enhance the splendour of his unprincipled court, was now his evil aim; and Fouché was again to play the tempter's part. He complained, in the Emperor's name, of the encouragement she gave to many who were hostile to his policy; and persisted in the purpose of his visit, in spite of her assuring him, with perfect frankness, that she had greatly admired the genius and exploits of the Emperor in the outset of his career; but that the persecution of her friends, the fate of the Duc d'Enghien, the exile of Madame de Staël and Moreau, had entirely changed her sentiments. Juliette was still

urged to accept a place about the court. Bonaparte, she was told, had met with no woman worthy of him. Who could say how beneficial an influence she might exert over him? No one knew how great would be his love for a pure-minded woman. Madame Murat was employed to second these arguments, which inspired Madame Récamier with sincere though repressed disgust. She communicated her uneasiness to Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, who advised the greatest prudence and reserve. When Fouché came with his last proposal, she refused in the most decided but respectful language to be made Dame du Palais. Fouché, highly indignant and irritated, quitted Clichy, never to return; and from that moment the Emperor became Madame Récamier's enemy, and commenced a series of petty persecutions.

We cannot, in the present sketch, trace the events of this remarkable woman's life in strict chronological order; but, by dwelling briefly on her relations with some of the most illustrious of her friends, we shall find abundant opportunity of bringing into strong relief the best features of her noble character. To none was she tied in the bonds of lasting and honourable friendship more closely than to the Matthieu de Montmorency just mentioned. He was born in 1760; became a young man of fashion and pleasure, ardent and full of enthusiasm in all his pursuits. Having accompanied La Fayette to America, he returned intensely devoted to republican ideas. It was on a motion of his, when deputy to the States-General, that the privileges of the nobility, which he was more interested in retaining than any man, were abolished. His zeal in such matters procured him the sympathy and friendship of Madame de Staël, which lasted through life. In 1792 he emigrated to Switzerland, and soon learned that his brother, the Abbé de Laval, had been guillotined. He was overpowered with remorse and sorrow, and reason nearly forsook him. His beloved brother had fallen a victim to a revolution which he had encouraged. Madame de Staël did all in her power to console him; but religion alone brought him solid peace. From that time he became a strict and fervent Christian, renouncing every earthly passion. For Madame Récamier he had the fondest affection; but it was that of a loving father. He constantly feared for her, lest, through love of pleasing, she should endanger her immortal interests. His letters are a rare monument of an attachment equally warm and pure. Incomparable delicacy ruled his language, his feelings, and judgment; while the austerity of his life gave weight to his authority, and completed a character little short of perfection. The intimacy between him and Madame Récamier lasted twenty-seven years without interruption, and terminated only with the duke's

death. This happened in 1826, just after he had been elected a member of the Academy, and appointed to preside over the education of the heir to the throne. On Good-Friday he had gone to the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, apparently in perfect health; but expired in the act of devotion before the altar, in the most solemn part of the service. A peaceful and happy death! A beautiful and fitting close of a long and well-spent life! For such men as Matthieu de Montmorency can never be forgotten; they show us that sanctity as real and distinctive is sometimes found in the world as in the cloister or the desert.

Madame Récamier's friendship for Madame de Staël dates from the year 1798, and for warmth and fidelity will bear comparison with any that history records. In genius they were ill-matched; for the authoress of *Allemagne* and *Corinne* could find few, if any, rivals; but they were alike in their social charms, love of admiration, and great popularity. They agreed in their political bias, which, being towards limited monarchy, was of all others the most reasonable and truly liberal; and they suffered alike from the cruel jealousy of a powerful despot. In 1803 Madame de Staël had been banished from Paris. As a woman, full of ardour and intellectual power, no less than as the daughter of Necker, her presence there was peculiarly obnoxious to Bonaparte. Madame Récamier offered her an asylum at Clichy, and she hoped there to be safe from her persecutor's vengeance. Her sentence of exile, however, was confirmed, and she resolved to set out for Germany. In 1810, having completed her work on Germany, she visited Duke Matthieu de Montmorency, near Blois. She had a strong affection for him, in spite of the difference in their religious belief. The whole edition of her book, amounting to 10,000 copies, was seized, and she was condemned to return to Coppet. Thither Madame Récamier followed her on a visit the same year, though cautioned by her friends against committing so great an imprudence. Her generous nature would brook no obstacles to her fidelity to her friend; and both she and Montmorency expiated the crime of loving Madame de Staël by a sentence of banishment from that capital, compared with which all the world beside is to most Frenchmen but a desert. The work on Germany did not contain a line against Bonaparte; but his despotism was gradually enlarging its circle, and was equally gigantic and minute.

In 1802 Madame Récamier had obtained the release of her father from prison by means of Bernadotte. He was at the head of the Post-office, and had been arrested on a charge of complicity in a royalist scheme; but when, in 1806, she again fell into trouble, through the failure of her husband's bank, no hand was strong

enough to extricate her from difficulty. The aid of the Bank of France was peremptorily refused, and every thing was given up to the creditors. Madame Récamier's hotel was let to others, and she took up her abode in a small apartment on one side of the garden. Her retreat, however, was besieged by crowds of friends anxious to express their sympathy; and her character, hitherto seen only in the radiant lustre of Parisian assemblies, now shone forth more conspicuously in the shades of adverse fortune. Her serenity inspired universal respect. Junot, the Duke of Abrantes, though a favourite of Bonaparte, was one of the multitude who would not desert her. Napoleon alone was piqued at the attentions she received; and observed to Junot, with abrupt ill-humour, "They would not pay so much respect to the widow of a field-marshal of France killed in battle!"

While Madame Récamier was visiting Madame de Staël in Switzerland in 1807, she became acquainted with Prince Augustus of Prussia, nephew to Frederick the Great, who had been taken prisoner by the French two years before. He was very handsome and chivalrous, and united the frankness and sentiment peculiar to the young Germans of that period. He became passionately enamoured of Madame Récamier. In Protestant Prussia divorce was easy; and he knew that there would be no difficulty in Juliette, though a Catholic, obtaining release from a bond which was merely nominal. She was touched by his devoted attentions; and the glorious scenery which surrounded them on the banks of the Lake Lemman contributed to deepen the enchantment. She wrote to M. Récamier, to ask for a release. He did not refuse what he admitted she had a right to ask; but very selfishly, it would seem, appealed to her feelings; reminded her of the affection he had shown her from childhood; and begged that, if the separation took place, it might be effected out of France. The letter was expressed in tender and paternal language; and, strange to say, it completely turned the current of Madame Récamier's thoughts. She could not bring herself to desert the kind and generous protector of her youth now that he was fallen in fortune.

She returned to Paris in the autumn; and the Prince, on peace being concluded, repaired to Berlin, and endeavoured to obtain the consent of his family to a marriage. Madame Récamier, however, had given him no decided answer, and there may have been circumstances with which we are unacquainted that lessened her inclination to accept his hand. Difference of religion had some weight with her, and the dread of quitting her country for ever was not without its influence. We learn from her friend, Madame M—, that at the

very time the Prince was making love to her so vehemently, he had two daughters, who were afterwards known as the Countesses of Waldenburg. They visited Paris in 1846, after their father's death, and she received them most tenderly for his sake; but their birth was not likely to increase her desire for marriage; and it throws light on her saying once of Prince Augustus, that he was indeed passionately in love with her, but that he was very gallant, and had many other fancies. The portrait of herself she sent him from Paris adorned his residence at Berlin to the day of his death. A ring which she gave him was, by his desire, buried with him; and though at last she declined the proposed marriage, on the ground that she could but imperfectly respond to the sentiments she inspired, the Prince continued to correspond with her till 1815, when he entered Paris with the allied armies. The letters he wrote from the French towns he besieged and took were full of passion and Prussian patriotism; and Madame Récamier, who was no less patriotic than her lover, was little pleased at the combination. Their last interview took place in 1825, when the Prince found Madame Récamier in her retreat at the Abbaye-aux-Bois.

During the time of her exile from Paris, she took up her abode at Châlons, together with a little niece whom she had adopted. Here she was in the neighbourhood of dear friends, especially that of Duke Matthieu de Montmorency; but she seldom saw them, fearing lest they should suffer through their kindness to an exile. Her youth and lonely position clearly pointed out the propriety of quiet habits, and to these she steadily adhered. But as she intended never to sue for a recall, neither would she stoop to the prudent measures her friends recommended. With honourable pride, she requested Junot on no account to mention her name in the Emperor's presence. Châlons was dreary enough; but instead of fretting after Paris, she turned to the best account the few resources it offered. Making friends with the organist, she obtained leave to play during High Mass, and to practise at other times. Thus music helped her devotion, and the sources of true consolation were unsealed.

In 1813 she set out for Italy, attended only by her maid and niece, afterwards Madame le Normant. Having no longer a large fortune, she travelled with a *vetturino*, and beguiled the irksomeness of the road with a small library, selected for the purpose by M. Ballanche. The mention of this name introduces us to another of those illustrious friends with whom Providence so bountifully surrounded her steps. M. Ballanche is now almost forgotten as an author; but in his day he was regarded as one of the best prose writers, and was

honoured by a seat in the French Academy in 1844. He was devoted to one idea—the progress of mankind through alternate periods of recovery and decay. He engrafted on the doctrines of the Fall and Redemption his own philosophical speculations respecting human perfectibility; and, in like manner, his science was mingled with mysticism. But his genius was his fortune, in spite of his low birth (being the son of a printer at Lyons) and an exterior singularly disfigured. He had put himself into the hands of a quack to be cured of headaches, and the treatment to which he was subjected having been followed by caries of the jaw-bone, part of it had to be removed. He had also been trepanned; and one side of his face was frightfully deformed. But his forehead was high, his eyes were brilliant, and his expression full of gentleness. It was impossible not to see that noble and beautiful qualities were hidden under an unsightly exterior. His devotion to Madame Récamier was intense; but he never asked or thought of any return. It was enough for him to bask in the sunshine of her friendship, and to carry all his labours to her feet. Her approbation was the charm of his existence, and sweeter to him than the multitude's applause. She inspired without torturing him; and the affectionate esteem of each redounded to the other's honour and content.

Arrived in Rome, Madame Récamier took an apartment in the Corso, which soon became the resort of the few French and strangers then in the capital. It was a gloomy city, the *chef-lieu du département du Tibre*! Its Prince and Pastor was a prisoner at Fontainebleau. The Cardinals were scattered; the ceremonies of Holy Week, during which our travellers arrived, were no longer performed in the Sistine; French soldiers were quartered in the palaces; the Vatican had lost its splendour; and an air of depression and melancholy spread through every street. M. Ballanche came all the way from Lyons to visit his friend; but was obliged to return after a week's stay. Madame Récamier had been well acquainted with Madame Murat, and on receiving a kind message from her as Queen of Naples, she repaired thither in the winter of Napoleon's downfall. Joachim was in a sad quandary, and quite unequal to the difficulties of his position. He was only fit to ride at the head of troops. His satin doublet, his hat and feathers, availed him little at the council-board. Austria and England were urging him to join the coalition, and his people clamoured for peace. What were France or the Allies to them? The conquerors or the conquered would oppress them alike. On the 11th of January 1814 Murat signed the treaty with the coalition; and, just before it was publicly proclaimed, rushed into his wife's *salon* and asked Madame Récamier's opinion of what he had done.

"Sire," she replied, in words worthy of a Frenchwoman, "you are French; it is to France you should be faithful."

Murat turned pale, ran to the window, opened it violently, and cried, "Am I then a traitor?"

The English fleet was at that moment sailing majestically into the bay. He threw himself on a sofa, and burst into tears. Poor puppet-prince! His fruitless tears were soon to be succeeded by renewed perfidy, disgrace, prison, release, capture, and being shot to death.

The overthrow of Napoleon was the deliverance of Pius VII. Escaped from thralldom, he returned to Rome amid the rapture of his people; of which Madame Récamier had the happiness of being an eye-witness. All the young nobles and gentry went forth to meet him, took the horses from his carriage, and drew it in state to St. Peter's. Every eye was dim with tears when the venerable old man knelt once more before the altar, and offered his thanks to Heaven. The *Te Deum* resounded through the high vaulted arches, and the hearts of all, and not the least Madame Récamier's, dilated with inexpressible joy. It was the triumph, not of an individual or a people, but of a glorious cause, a deathless principle, of justice and truth over ambition, tyranny, and rapine.

Napoleon fell; and with the restoration Madame Récamier's friends returned to power, and she to the habits of her youth. Her husband was once more a prosperous banker, and she had inherited her mother's fortune. M. Ballanche, having lost his father, came to live in Paris, expressly that he might see her daily; and lived for seventeen years on his capital, taking no thought for the morrow. In July 1817 Madame de Staël died; but, in her place, Chateaubriand became one of Madame Récamier's most devoted friends. This was the highest achievement of her powers of attraction. The proudest of emperors had sought her favours; the stern republican, Lucien Bonaparte, had made himself her Romeo; Prince Augustus of Prussia had sought her hand in marriage, and loved her even unto death; the Kings of Sweden and Naples had been her friends; dukes and generals, crowned with the laurels of war; artists and poets, authors of every school, ministers and ambassadors of every political shade, had paid her habitual homage; the devout De Montmorency and the dreamy Ballanche had accounted her presence their greatest earthly delight;—but another, and a more signal conquest awaited her, when she had completed her fortieth year. François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, had from his youth been ardently attached to royalty, and penetrated with those strong views of religion which shone forth in the *Génie du Christianisme*, and produced so

strong a sensation and reaction in French society at the beginning of this century. His wild life among savages in the woods of North America had vividly coloured his imagination, and the misfortunes he underwent during the Revolution had tinged his mind with melancholy full of interest. He had served, and then resisted, the potent murderer of the Duc d'Enghien; and, during the whole of his long political career, had shown an admirable independence of party, and attachment to high principles. His prose and poetry alike, his *Martyrs*, his *Paris à Jerusalem*, and the work already named, had raised him to the highest rank among the writers of his age. He had been idolised as a statesman and diplomatist, and accepted as his due the praise and adulation that was lavished on him and his works. His manners were worthy of his rank, and his countenance added charm to his manners. He was nine years older than Madame Récamier; and their hearts and minds, now enriched by mature experience, coalesced with a fervour never without danger, and seldom without sin, in this fallen world. Montmorency saw the peril, and trembled for his beloved friend. She had owned that M. de Chateaubriand had obtained a complete ascendancy over her affections, and she used to cry all day. He fancied, moreover, that she had cooled towards him and other very dear friends; and his letters to her evince a heart full of paternal piety, yearning fondly over a lovely daughter who seems to be going astray, and committing herself too unreservedly to one who could not make her happy, because he was not contented himself. But her answers reassured his faith in her virtue and strength. She loved Chateaubriand indeed, with that love in which the world is so unwilling to believe, but which, thanks to God, does sometimes exist: a love that is warmer than friendship, yet hallowed and refined from the dross of earthly passion; a love that caused no frown on the forehead of father or husband; which friends could foster with a clear conscience, and the laws of religion did not forbid.

In 1819, Madame Récamier was again visited by affliction. Her husband failed a second time; though his faithful wife had given one-fourth of the property left by her mother in hopes of saving him. She now obtained a promise from him to embark in no more pecuniary speculations, sold the hotel and furniture she had recently bought, and retired to a small apartment with a brick-floor, on the third story of the Abbaye-au-Bois, a large old building in the Rue de Sèvres, and a convent where the nuns received lady boarders. Her husband, M. Bernard, her father, and old M. Simonard, one of the family, could not, of course, live with her in the convent, but they dined with her every day, and spent the evenings with her. She

soon exchanged the third for the first floor, and there occupied a very pretty apartment overlooking the convent garden. The most eminent men of rank and talent found the way to her retirement. She was sure now that they sought her for her own sake, and she took more pleasure in her success than when in the hotel in the Rue du Mont Blanc. Matthieu de Montmorency came to see her every night, when his duties as *chevalier d'honneur* to the Duchesse d'Angoulême were over. The Lady Superior allowed the outside gate to remain open for him till midnight: and his visits never failed till the day of his death.

Chateaubriand's attentions were more passionate. He wrote to her every morning, and came to the Abbaye at three o'clock. Though highly imaginative, he was also most methodical. He disliked company, and no one was admitted at his hour without his consent. By degrees the circle enlarged; but every thing was arranged so as to meet his tastes. In 1822, he entered the ministry; and the peacefulness of their daily intercourse was sadly interrupted. Cabinet councils and sittings of the Chamber broke up the regularity of his visits, and his temper became more fitful; and "the star whose soft light guided his path," as he called Madame Récamier in one of his poems, was often neglected for meaner lights. This was a cruel blow to a woman so pure and deep in her feelings. She resolved to leave France for a time. Absence might make the truant heart repent, and would at least cut away many occasions of mutual reproach. There is sometimes wisdom in separation, that irritated emotions may have time to cool, and friends may meet again remembering only their former affection. She started for Italy in November 1823. M. Ballanche could not live where she was not, and prepared to follow her, with M. Ampère, a youth of twenty-two, who, having lost his mother when an infant, attached himself most devotedly to this remarkable woman. In the June following, Chateaubriand refused his consent to lowering the five-per-cent government stock to four. He considered the measure dishonest, and, for the second time, lost his place in the ministry for reasons most honourable to him. His conduct on the occasion was so simple, courageous, and noble, that it commanded general admiration. When Madame Récamier returned to the Abbaye in 1825, the ex-minister hastened to see her. Not a word of reproach was exchanged; and from that time their sentiments continued unalterable.

We have already noticed Matthieu de Montmorency's singular and edifying death. His widow took a room in the Abbaye-au-Bois, that when, in the course of her charitable labours, she came to Paris, she might see more of her husband's dearest friend. "Ah, madame!"

she wrote, "make still greater efforts (in religion), that you may join in heaven him who has so well deserved to go there before us." And again, in another letter to Madame Récamier, she says, "I will speak frankly, madame; you can scarcely believe what interest I take in your earthly life; but I take a far greater interest in that life which awaits you in eternity. That word expresses every thing. You are so kind to me; he loved you so much, and you too loved him so well; how many titles to my affection!" Would it be possible to select a more conclusive, though incidental, testimony to Madame Récamier's goodness and purity?

The Duc de Laval, cousin of Duke Matthieu, though apparently given up to the frivolities of the world, was as much afflicted by his relative's death as more serious friends. "Was there ever," he asks, writing to Madame Récamier, "a man more full of fraternal sentiments, more sympathising, more unalterable? I say it to you, dear friend; I own it without false modesty; I never had any value or merit in my life except in those acts in which I joined in fellowship with my angelic friend."

It is delightful to dwell on the love and homage that persons of all ranks and characters offered freely to Madame Récamier. It proves, if proof be wanted, how amply a woman is rewarded in this life for cultivating the power to please, and how widely she may, by it, extend her beneficent influence in society. It requires but little effort on her part; for tact and tenderness are usually given to her in proportion to the strength of her good will.

During Chateaubriand's residence at Rome as ambassador, in 1828-30, he wrote numerous letters to his friend at the Abbaye-aux-Bois, full of interest by reason both of the persons most concerned and of the events of the restoration which they recount or illustrate. "Yesterday, Good Friday," he says, in one of them, "I thought I was dying, as your best friend died on this solemn day. Then at least you would have found some resemblance between us, and perhaps you would have identified us in your heart." Oh, happy and sacred friendships, neither of which casts the other into the shade! In the spring of 1830, Chateaubriand returned to Paris, and resigned his embassy. His life had been devoted to legitimate government, but he loved the laws better than the crown. He foresaw the dangers that beset the ultra-Polignac ministry; requested an audience of Charles X., that he might warn him; was refused through simple dislike; and in a few months saw his master driven into exile.

About this time, M. Récamier died. His wife had obtained leave to move him to the Abbaye in his last illness; and he preserved his gaiety to his last and eightieth year. Her father and M. Simonard

had died a few years before; her niece was married; and she was thus left alone; but M. Ballanche and Paul David dined with her every day. The Royalists and Louis-Philippites in general did not mix in society; but Madame Récamier was an exception to all rules, and few could resist the charm of her circle. Her dearest friends had been attached to the old dynasty; but she was not so systematic in her politics as to be blind to the faults of their rule. The sufferings she had endured from the tyranny of Bonaparte made her love rational freedom, yet she could not but lament the pertinacity with which Charles X. opposed the national tendencies.

She respected all sincere convictions, and, while she equally welcomed ultras and liberals, she exerted all her tact to preserve harmony between them. M. Genonde, the proprietor of the *Gazette de France*, a royalist paper, and Chateaubriand, who detested Louis Philippe, sat constantly at her table, beside Villemain, Ballanche, and Ampère, who enthusiastically adhered to the new régime. All parties made her their confidante. Chateaubriand told her of all his royalist designs; from the friends of Carrol she heard republican plans; and through Madame Salvage, the friend of Queen Hortense, she knew beforehand the first attempt of Louis Napoleon. In her apartment Chateaubriand began his readings of his Autobiography, and continued them for more than two years. All who heard the *Mémoires d'outre Tombe* were enchanted with its recitals; and such persons only were invited as sympathised with the author, or admired the works of genius under any form. The fame of the book spread wide; people most distinguished vied with each other for admittance to the readings; and publishers, hearing that it was to be published at his death, sent in proposals for its purchase. All this was most fortunate for the writer. It relieved the ennui that consumed him, and extricated him from great embarrassment and large debts. Some of the royalist party made an arrangement with the publishers in his behalf. The price he demanded for the work was more than any one of them could pay; but by combination a pension for life was secured to him for the *Ms.*, to be delivered up on his decease. He abhorred the transaction as degrading, but submitted to it from necessity. His life of the Abbé de Rancé, founder of La Trappe, and a translation of Milton, enabled him, with the sale of his house, to pay his debts; and he gave up to the Archbishop of Paris an asylum, where his charitable wife had long contrived to maintain twelve aged priests in great comfort. Often in 1837, when Madame Récamier was ill, was he seen with M. Ballanche walking in the court of the Abbaye, and waiting to hear the doctor's report of his patient. He would not ring, lest she should find out that her friends were

anxious. He dreaded lest he should survive her, and rejoiced in every symptom of decay, if only he might depart before her. Her illness increased; and she was removed from the chill and old-fashioned Abbaye. The physician ordered her southward, but she could not bear to leave M. Chateaubriand. Such love as hers for others, and others for her, exceeds romance. She recovered, and returned to her former life. Chateaubriand had for eighteen years spent the evenings with his invalid wife, but he was daily with Madame Récamier at half-past two. Whatever he wrote he read to her, and took her opinion of it. All her friends who came at *les quatre heures* were encouraged in proportion as they amused him; and to make him happy, or less querulous, was her constant aim. Every thing remarkable was known in her rooms sooner than elsewhere. Every new work was discussed; and each *habitué* was emulous to add something to the common stock. Madame Récamier was more anxious to make others talk, and to conduct conversation, than to speak herself. It was one of the peculiarities of her *salon*, that *tête-à-têtes* were discouraged; every thing was done and said for general gratification.

In 1844, Madame Récamier had, through the failure of her sight, lost the power of reading, though she could still write. She was now dependent on her friends; and they did not fail her. M. Paul David read to her every evening. He was by no means a good reader, and being sensible of his defect, he secretly took lessons in reading, though he was sixty-four years of age, that there might be no drawback to his friend's recreation. This was indeed fulfilling the law of love; yet it was not more than she deserved, whose life had been devoted to others' enjoyment. She endured the loss of sight as she had borne other privations, with fortitude, and comforted those who condoled with her by saying, that her affliction was lighter than many others'. She perceived that Chateaubriand's memory and imagination were failing, and this, it is believed, caused her more sorrow than her own trial. In 1847, Madame de Chateaubriand died. Her life had been one long ailment. She had been married fifty-five years, and had spent the greater part of her time in devotional practices. The infirmary of Marie-Thérèse is a monument of her charity; and her faithful husband has immortalised her name in his memoirs. Such persons were the salt of the earth, at a period when society was unusually corrupt. The circle that assembled so fondly round Madame Récamier was narrowing; and Madame de Chateaubriand's departure served as a warning to many that their end was drawing nigh.

M. Ballanche fell next. His beloved friend had undergone an

operation for cataract in one eye, and was desired to remain quiet, in total darkness, and almost alone. But he was taken dangerously ill, and in three days all hope of his recovery was at an end. She could not be restrained from crossing the street, and attending his death-bed. Love, strong as death, caused her tears to flow freely, and with those showers of sorrow every prospect of restored sight was lost. M. Ballanche was buried in the vault of the Récamiers; for death sets a sacred seal on friendship such as his.

Meanwhile Chateaubriand's infirmities increased, and, with them, Madame Récamier's distress. His faculties were all going, and he knew it. He felt like a poor man who hides his poverty through pride. Still he was carried daily to the Abbaye, and passed three hours with his best friend. In this state he proposed that they should marry; but she refused, knowing that the slight excitement of visiting her was the one thing which gave variety to his existence. When his power of thinking on ordinary subjects was completely gone, he could nevertheless remember her; and during her short absence on a visit to the Duc de Noailles at Maintenon he was inconsolable, and continually longed for her return. A friend of hers who went to see him daily, and write a few lines for him to Madame Récamier, speaks of his ineffable gratitude for this kindness.

"Adieu, madame," he would say, "how good you are to visit me in my utter misery!"

How could he do otherwise than feel acutely the absence of one who had so long contrived to keep up a cheerful atmosphere around him, and took such pleasure in finding any one who could make him laugh? During the fiercest conflicts in the Revolution of 1848 he became worse, and could not leave his room. Madame Récamier was still led to his side every day at his accustomed hour for seeing her; and neither blindness on the one side, imbecility on the other, nor savage shoutings and cannonading without, could arrest in their case the interchange of the kindly attentions dictated by imperishable friendship. To the struggle itself Chateaubriand was quite indifferent; the death of the martyred Archbishop alone roused him for a moment. Madame Récamier watched fondly for every flicker of the lamp of life and genius. Thus day by day, through ceaseless firing, barricades she could not see, and guards at the corner of every street, she was driven by unwilling coachmen in vehicles they were afraid of having torn from them by the rioters, from the Abbaye to the Rue du Bac. Here was quick-sighted love literally blind. Here was that friendship which in Scripture is never mentioned but under the holier name of charity. Here was a very type of benevolence, forgetful of self, rising above danger, triumphing over obstacles, and strong in

the midst of feebleness. Oh, glorious age, which is young and vigorous in the path of duty! Oh, venerable blindness, gazing so tenderly on another's woe! On his woe—for this was her grief, that she could not see his face.

"How does he look?" she used to ask of the friend who always accompanied her. "What expression has he? Does he seem in pain? Does he ever smile?" So anxious was she to see him again, that she underwent a second operation; but all in vain. She was never to behold him more, except in that glorified body in which they will one day meet and embrace. At last he could rise no more; and his loving attendant would leave the room to conceal her tears. His eyes followed her; but he seldom spoke, and not once after receiving the sacrament of Extreme Unction. It was the last seal the Church set upon him. Who should lay any thing to his charge? It was God that justified. It was time to die. He had lived fourscore years, and the purposes of life were accomplished. He was crowned with literary glory. He had well deserved of his country and his age. The corruptible body was falling to ruin; and the immortal spirit needed refreshment no earthly sources could supply. Three nights Madame Récamier passed in his house, and on the morning of July 3d she was called to be present when he breathed his last. The current of her being seemed dried up; and she wished for nothing but "to be good enough to die."

She had not long to wait. In 1849 the cholera reappeared. She was not afraid of death; but she had always dreaded that awful malady. Her friends would have persuaded her to remain in the Abbaye; but she was induced to remove to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where her niece, Madame le Normant, lived. She soon repented of the change, and wished to return to the dear old Abbaye. But the terrible disease seized her, and she sent immediately for her confessor, feeling that her time was short. She suffered with patience the mode of death she had long feared, and, following her "mates of the garden," shed, without repining, all that remained to her of sweetness and bloom.

To be misconstrued is the prerogative of very superior minds. During Madame Récamier's lifetime many misinterpreted her conduct, and knew not how much higher was her standard of morality than that of many with whom she was intimate. Even after her decease, time only effectually cleared her fame, and explained her brilliant eccentricities. *J'avais trop de qualités pour mes défauts*, was the account she gave of herself. They are beautiful words, and remind us of Sir Walter Scott's expressions on the bed of death. True humility, be it observed, is better shown by a just appreciation

of one's own merits and defects than by wholesale professions of self-
 abhorrence, which are seldom sincere. Madame Récamier's failings
 leant to virtue's side; and it is deeply to be lamented that the auto-
 biography which she composed, and which would have disclosed to
 us so much of her interior life, has been destroyed. The fragments
 that remain, and the peculiarly delicate flavour of the style in which
 they are written, make us sigh for that which is lost, and wish in
 vain that she had been less scrupulous about the defects of a manu-
 script her blindness would not let her revise. To vindicate her cha-
 racter in the present day would be to ascribe to the paltry scandals
 once in circulation against her an importance they never deserved;
 and we shall conclude by citing two passages from distinct bio-
 graphers as samples merely of what is now said of her by common
 consent. *Elle fut entourée d'adorateurs*, says M. Bouillet; *mais, se*
contentant de plaire, elle sut se préserver de toute faiblesse. "She
 seems," writes an Edinburgh Reviewer, "to have lived under a con-
 stant restraint; watching over the treasure of her beauty with anxi-
 ous vigilance, and never for one moment off her guard; never melted
 to a perilous softness, nor exalted into the enthusiasm of that love in
 which self is forgotten."

J. C. E.

Some Myths of the Middle Ages.

THE path wound down to the sea, through fantastic rocks, whose feet the waters kissed as peacefully and innocently as if they had never been in a passion, never swelled up, and roared and whitened in wild devouring rage. But the strange shapes into which their fury had carved the cliffs betrayed the truth. However, smooth they were and beautifully blue, and why wake up disagreeable memories? I bent my way down the path, and made a more intimate acquaintance with the ocean. What is more pleasant than a gallant bath on a fine sunshiny morning?

The cliff with its cheerful adorning
Of matted sea-pink under foot;
The lark gives me "top of the morning;"
The sailing bird nods a salute.

Green crystal in exquisite tremble,
My tide-brimming pool I behold;
What shrimps on the sand-patch assemble!—
I vanish! embraced with pure cold.

Whatever may be our insular mishaps, it is one inestimable blessing of our lot that we can reach the sea without much difficulty, wherever we be. And this has its effect upon character, as upon poetry. What literature sings the sea like the English? There is a literary worship, sometimes carried to a ludicrous extreme, of her of whom it was said,

"Time writes no wrinkle on thy azure brow."

And this line leads me to the subject indicated by the title of this article; for, curious as it may seem, I never hear, read, or write that line without thinking of the "Wandering Jew." There is a certain appropriateness in the association, it must be admitted; for time seemed for a very long period to be as ineffectual with regard to him, as to the sea and the Pyramids.

He has been heard of every where, yet is still one of those "things not generally known." He does not, however, stand quite alone as a singular phenomenon. Thus, when Europe trembled before the Turk, a rumour suddenly sprang forth and spread every where, that a great Christian monarch in the East was about to march westwards to the succour of his Christian brethren, and annihilate the triumphant Infidel. The rumour in a brief space became a certainty,

and the Pope sent ambassadors to greet him; but Prestyr John, as he was called, never appeared, and only was heard of afterwards in the world of myths. His non-appearance, however, did not prevent his name from being long present to European Christendom, a solace and a hope.

The admitted death of heroes has been no obstacle to a popular belief in their reappearance. The Greeks believed that Euphorbius, one of the warriors who fell at Troy, appeared again, and moved among them in the person of Pythagoras the philosopher. So in rural districts in France it was impossible to persuade the people that Napoleon had ceased to exist for ever on earth; they held tenaciously to the idea of his reappearance. A similar belief was long popular with reference to Charlemagne's famous paladins; and it was said of Charlemagne himself, that he but slept in a cavern of Odenburg Mountain in Hesse, or Untersberg near Saltzburg. There he is to slumber until the end of the world. The famous Frederic Barbarossa lives still, though sound asleep, in Keifhausen Mountain; and when a new era shall have commenced for Germany, he will step out of his retirement and resume a more active life. The Swiss relate that the three Tells, liberators of the land, still abide in the rocks which lie adjacent to the Lake of the Four Cantons, from which, whenever the independence of their country is threatened, they sally forth, and invigorate the hearts of its defenders. In Peru the Incas are a slumbering fact also, a recumbent threat to the white invader. Our own islands have their dreamers. King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table are ready to emerge from repose whenever England is invaded. A peasant, straying one day into a cavern in a mountain in the north of Ireland, suddenly came upon another and a more spacious one. In it he beheld a band of knights in complete armour, sleeping beside an equal number of steeds caparisoned for war. All slumbered; all seemed as if petrified. The intruder uttered an exclamation of wonder. Immediately a knight lifted his head, and fixing his gaze upon him, asked, "Is the time come?" the terrified peasant replied, "No;" and the knight relapsed again into sleep. The peasant made his escape; but could never find the entrance to the cave again. The people maintain that these sleeping heroes are the Chieftain O'Neill and his Knights, who await the moment of the resurrection of their country.

The most curious of all beliefs, however, was that in the "Wandering Jew," of whom most people have heard the name, but know very little else. It is not among the "things generally known" that the Wandering Jew was no impalpable personage, however mythical he may have been. There exist accounts of his intercourse with

men. Matthew Paris the chronicler, who died in 1259, relates that an Armenian Archbishop, having landed in England, paid a visit to St. Alban's Abbey. The friars gathered round him, beseeching him to give them information touching that Joseph so much spoken about by all, who was said to be still living, though he had witnessed our Redeemer's death. A knight of Antioch, who was in the Archbishop's suite, and acted as his interpreter, translated to them the prelate's account. His narrative was to the following effect: "My lord knows this Joseph of Arimathea perfectly; before he set sail for the West, both had partaken at the same table. When Pilate had given up Jesus to the Jews, and the latter were taking Him away, Cartaphilus the porter at the palace smote Him on the neck with his clenched hand, saying, 'Go quicker! go quicker!' Then Christ, looking upon him, said, 'I go; but thou shalt wait until I come again.' So that Cartaphilus, then thirty years old, still awaits the second coming of Christ; for each time he reaches his hundredth year, he falls into a great feebleness and lethargy, and revives again at his former age—at the age he was when his doom was pronounced. As the Gospel spread, Cartaphilus was baptised by the same Ananias who baptised Saul, and received the name of Joseph. He usually abides in Armenia, with the prelates, speaking little; but when interrogated, he relates in a sad, serious, and penitential way circumstances which occurred of old; the details of Christ's suffering and resurrection, of which he was an eye-witness; and the chief events in the lives of the Apostles. He murmurs not at his sentence. From far-off lands men come to visit him: he refuses every present made to him. He has a firm hope in his salvation; for he heard himself those words of the Crucified, 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.' The history of Paul and Peter give him confidence also."

Such is the account embodied by Matthew Paris. At this time the penitent Jew had not appeared in Europe: the character described is somewhat different from the popular idea. Neither can the Cartaphilus, or Joseph, specified in this narration be termed with accuracy the Wandering Jew, seeing that he "abode chiefly in Armenia," and that he was rather a host than a wanderer: people went to him from all parts, not he to them. But this state of things, after lasting for three centuries, was put an end to. About the middle of the sixteenth century, the rumour spread like wildfire through all Germany that this mysterious man had appeared at Hamburg and in several other cities of the North. A German work, printed at Leipzig in 1602, gives the following notice of him:

"Paul von Eitzen, doctor in theology and Bishop of Schleswig,

narrates as true, that, being yet young, he was studying at Wittemberg; but that, during the winter of 1547, he had made a brief visit to his family. Going into the church on the following Sunday, he was struck with the strange appearance of one of the congregation. He was tall of stature, his long hair fell upon his shoulders, his feet were bare; and every time the preacher pronounced the name of Jesus, he bowed down in deep humility, striking his breast and sighing. Although it was very cold, he had on him but a pair of worn stockings and a long tunic, girded with a belt, and descending to the ground. He seemed to be about fifty years of age. Many notable persons since then have seen him in Scotland, England, Italy, Hungary, Spain, Livonia, Sweden, Denmark, Poland, Persia, and elsewhere. The aforesaid doctor, when the service was over, asked him whence he came, and how long he was at Hamburg. With discreet reserve, the stranger told his story: that he was a Jew of Jerusalem named Ahasuerus; that he had been a sandal-maker at the time of our Lord's death, of which he had been a witness. Since then he had wandered over earth. He described accurately various countries he visited; he narrated the events of the Gospels, and details not recorded in them; told the lives and deaths of the Apostles, and the history of the world since that time. Paul von Eitzen, listening in eager astonishment, questioned him closely touching himself; and this man answered that he, blinded like other Jews, had believed Christ to be a heretic, a seducer of men; and called for Him in place of Barabbas. When He was delivered up, he ran to tell it to his family, knowing that Christ should pass that way to Calvary. Then, taking up his child, he stood at the door to see Christ pass. The Redeemer, suffering under the weight of the cross, stopped at his house to rest; but he repulsed Him, bidding Him go whither He was led. Then Jesus, looking on him, said: 'I indeed would rest Myself; but thou shalt have no rest until the last day.' Whereupon Ahasuerus put down his child and followed Him to Calvary. On his return, he could no longer remain at home, nor in any place permanently: he wandered from town to town and country to country. His wife and child he saw not again; but his native city he beheld once more—in ruins, and one stone stood not on another. God's design in prolonging his existence he knew not, unless it was to have in all time a living witness—an accusation to the Jews, a memento to the Gentiles.

"Paul von Eitzen was not yet satisfied. He brought him before the Reverend Rector of the Schools of Hamburg; and both interrogated him on history and in various ways, but could find no contradiction in him. He lived simply, refusing money, save in small sums, which he gave to the poor. He spoke little, except when questioned,

and smiled not at all. It was found that he spoke the language with wonderful purity, and that the same remark was made about him in every country. He has been never seen in anger, except when he heard one swear by the wounds of Christ. Such," says the German work, "are the details related to me by Dr. Paul von Eitzen, and confirmed by many trustworthy persons."

In 1575, the secretary, Christoph Klause, and Meister Jacob of Holstein, having been sent as delegates to the Spanish Court, to obtain the wage of the troops who had served in the Low Countries, related, on their return to Schleswig, that they had seen the very same person in Spain, had spoken with him, and heard from the Spaniards that he spoke their language like a native. In 1599 he was seen in Vienna, from which place he set out for Poland and Russia. In 1614 he was seen in Revel, in Livonia and Cracow in Poland, in Moscow and other cities in Russia. He had been met at Paris in 1604; at a town near Hamburg in 1633; in the Forest of Soignes, near Brussels, in 1640.

According to a letter of Madame de Mazarin to Madame de Bouillon, towards the conclusion of the seventeenth century the Wandering Jew had made his latest appearance in England. He stated that he had been one of the Council of Jerusalem; and related, in minute detail, the sayings and doings of Christ and the Apostles, describing their appearance. The two English Universities had deputed their most learned professors to interrogate him; but they could detect no flaw in his narration of things, sacred or profane. An English gentleman having addressed him in Arabic, he replied in the same language; and in answer to a question about Mohammed, he said:

"I knew his father at Ormutz. As to Mohammed himself, he was an enlightened man, but, like all men, subject to err: one of his greatest errors was the denial of the crucifixion of Christ; which I, in truth, beheld."

He said he had been in Rome when Nero burned it; that he had seen the great Saladin return from an expedition; and had known Timour and Bajazet. Of Suleyman the Magnificent he related great things, and specified the exact dates of the various crusades. He added that he was about to proceed to London, and would answer any questions there which might be asked. Still he was only fully believed in among the populace; the educated classes regarded him as an impostor. Since that time he has been no longer heard of; and his only successor has been the celebrated Count of St. Germain, who pretended that he had existed for two thousand years, and been present at all the great events of history. Incredible as his account

of himself was, it is no less a fact, that the French Court, in the second half of last century, believed in him.

The Wandering Jew, be it remarked, does not belong exclusively to Christendom. Mohammed, narrating the Jewish worship of the golden calf, adds, in the Koran, that one of the chief among the children of Israel, named Sumeri, was concerned in this idolatry; and that Moses condemned him to wander over earth until the end of the world, as a punishment for his great crime. There is another Arab tradition which relates that Enoch and Elias, having arrived in the everlasting kingdom of death, drank of the life-giving fount, and were restored to their youth. They now go wandering, one over the sea, one over the land, to guide pilgrims to Mecca.

Of Ossian, an Irish poem entitled *The Land of Youth* relates that, one day following the chase at Killarney, a beautiful princess appeared to him, and requested him to accompany her as her bridegroom. Such requests were esteemed binding obligations on the ancient Gaedhlic knights. He mounted the gold-caparisoned steed, and hied over the western waves to a delightful land, the "Land of the Good People," which is subdivided into three kingdoms, the "Land of Youth," the "Land of the Living," and the "Land of Virtues, or Triumphs." Niav of Golden Tresses was princess of this Elysium; and, wedded to her, Ossian remained for a certain time; when there came upon him a longing to see his father Fionn, his son Oscar, and the gallant companions of many a chase and foray. He communicated his wish to his bride, who was stricken with sad forebodings; but he persisted. She bade him not to dismount from his steed; for if he touched earth he would become a withered gray old man, soon to die. He returned to Erinn, but found that all was desolation; three hundred years had elapsed, and church-bells were ringing in place of hunting-horns. His friends were all dead. Passing through a glen, he saw a number of men attempting in vain to lift a huge flag. He sighed over the degeneracy of the people. His assistance being invoked, he stretched out his arms and hurled it up; but the golden girth of his saddle broke, he fell to earth, and lost youth, strength, and beauty. He passed his latter days in long disputes with St. Patrick, and could perceive no charm in hermit's fare.

There is another and a very ancient Gaedhlic poem, written by a bard named Fintan. If we are to believe himself, we must admit him to have been, perhaps, the most singular person of them all. He throws Count Germain into the shade completely. According to his own account, he was present at all the great events that occurred in ancient Erinn before Patrick came with the message of good

tidings from Rome. He relates how Erinn was colonised by Ceasair and her companions from the East; which, tradition relates, was before the Flood. Not content with this, he maintains in vigorous verse that he existed in Erinn during the whole time of the Deluge; and that not only he, but Ceasair and her comrades escaped, though without a vessel of any kind. Here are his very words literally rendered:

"The Deluge came; but Bith
Lived safely on his mountain moor,
Ladra on Ladra-hill; at Cuil
Ceasair lived, from ills secure.
While I, at strong Zul-tuind,
Beneath the Flood slept out the year;
No sleep has been, no sleep
Can be, so sound as I slept here."

This, it must be admitted, is an amazing account of himself which the poet gives, and which his contemporaries could not well test. For where is "the oldest inhabitant" who could have compared reminiscences with Fintan?

A very pretty, very lengthy, and very scientific article might be written on the manners and customs, the causes and consequences, of myths. It would perhaps be a little dry, and might prove not a little tedious. But it scarcely needs more than a glance to learn how myths are influenced by climate; the graceful and stern creations of Greek and Roman are easily contrasted with the wild, fantastic, and horrible ghouls, gnomes, trolls, and skeleton huntsmen of Northern nations. In the former, we perceive at once the natives of olive-slopes and rocky sunlit precipices; in the latter, the denizens of gloomy pine-forests and wild mountain wastes.

"Desinet in piscem;" the legend of myths ends in the sea-serpent.

G. S.

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